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COMMONWEAL

EASTERN EUROPE: Before & After

EASTERN EUROPE'S TROUBLED TRANSITION
John Feffer

SOVIET TROUBLES
The Editors

THE FALL OF THE IRONIC CURTAIN
Margaret O'Brien Steinfels

VACLAV MALY
The world of those below
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AGOSTINO CASAROLI
J. Bryan Hehir

Laity & the life of faith
ONE RELIGION WASN'T ENOUGH Martin Young

BOOKS: CUBA & THE UNITED STATES: Robert E. White

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CORRESPONDENCE

Civilians & war

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editors: If one essential condition for the waging of a just war is lacking, the war cannot be considered just. One essential condition is this: civilians must not be killed.

Your editorial on our Gulf adventure ["Patience and resolve," January 11] sadly suggests that bombardments that "will not spare significant numbers of people, civilians and soldiers, from death or life-altering trauma" may be considered "just means." I suggest a consideration of the position taken by the Second Vatican Council (*Gaudium et spes*, V, 1, 80): "Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or of extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation."

Tragically, the current U.S. policy includes plans to bombard Baghdad, a city with 3 million civilians.

HARVEY F. EGAN

'Utilitarian logic'

Durham, N.C.

To the Editors: In your recent editorial [January 11], you assert that the U.S. military has means available in the Gulf crisis that could be put to use without violating just war standards. Use of these means, you argue, "....will not spare significant numbers of people, civilians and soldiers, from death or life-altering trauma. The point is that they may spare far more than, in the long run, will a policy of capitulation." I have recently been speaking with people who have profound misgivings about this kind of abstract utilitarian reasoning.

For two weeks last December, I was part of a group of military counselors who went to Germany to counsel U.S. soldiers about conscientious objection. Each soldier told a unique and deeply personal story about confronting his or her participation in war. One soldier told of how his computer skills would be used to call in coordinates for air and artillery fire on entire city blocks. Another told of how others in his unit were ready to "blow away" women and children; no Vietnam-style civilian sabotage would be tolerated, not this time around. These soldiers were able to explain in very concrete and specific ways how their duties would require them to kill whoever gets in the way of "the mission," by whatever means prove most efficient. None of them harbored any illusions about the means that would be employed in this conflict. And it is the means to be used which led them to declare themselves incapable of taking innocent life.

The concreteness of these soldiers' moral discernment has been matched by the concreteness of the consequences of their decisions. When the Army would not accept his application for conscientious objector status, Robert Chandler refused to cooperate with his unit's deployment to Saudi Arabia, but he was deployed anyway—in handcuffs. When Gary Stiegelmeyer, a Catholic, was ordered to carry his M-16, he refused and collapsed under the emotional strain of disobeying orders. When Brian Centa, also a Catholic, submitted his CO application, he was placed on restriction, not allowed to see a lawyer, and finally forced to appear at formation in leg irons, before (in the words of one eyewitness) being "thrown" onto the plane to Saudi Arabia....

It could be argued, I suppose, that these CO's haven't grasped "the big picture," that they are too narrowly focused on one of the criteria for a just war, i.e., just means, at the expense of the others. Or it could be argued that when these CO's walked away from their guns and tanks, they were capitulating in this war of nerves. But people who want to make these arguments should first listen to what these CO-soldiers think and feel about using means that, in the words of your editorial, "will not spare significant numbers of people, civilians and soldiers, from death or life-altering trauma...." I think it would be difficult to persuade these soldiers that they should employ such means because they have something to do with "the long run." They have far too clear knowledge of what they would then have to do in the short run. (The "long run" perspective was in fact the argument attempted by most of the military chaplains to whom these soldiers first turned for moral counseling.)

What disturbs me about your editorial is that its use of just war theory is so remarkably impersonal and unpastoral. It displays a much deeper commitment to the strategists and policymakers in Washington than to the hundreds of thousands of Catholics and others in the military who may soon be ordered to do horrible things to innocent people. You rightly imply that just war theory is often abused, but the editorial itself is guilty of the most common form of such abuse, namely, the use of abstract utilitarian logic to obscure the concrete principle of discrimination. In doing so, you stand in a long line of theorists who have failed to square the notion of a "just war" by "just means" with the reality of war as it is actu-

(Continued on page 110)

Correction: Joan Dunn Walsh, N.Y., and John F. Rieger, Va., should have been listed as Charter Members of the Commonweal Associates for 1990.

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COMMONWEAL

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STAFF

Editor: Margaret O'Brien Steinfels
Managing Editor: Patrick Jordan
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Poetry: Rosemary Deen
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Staff: Harriette Balsky, Carmen Alava, Pamela Quatse
Advertising Manager: Ruth E. Taylor
Publisher: Edward S. Skillin

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The other storm

Played out on the networks hour by hour, Operation Desert Storm exerts a hold on the imagination that is difficult to break. Meantime, however, a drama of even greater global consequence is playing out in the Soviet Union. While we watch missiles and bombers roaring toward Baghdad, Patriots rising to intercept Scuds, and tanks rumbling toward Kuwait, the Soviet military speaks forebodingly, and threateningly, of a spirit of anarchy spreading throughout their country. Armed troops join the police in patrolling city streets. The KGB has assumed broad powers to investigate businesses and individual citizens. Soviet soldiers and "black berets" are using deadly force against unarmed civilians to intimidate the elected governments of the Baltic republics. And the unelected leadership of the Soviet Union—including Mikhail Gorbachev, "Man of the Decade"—responds by blaming local commanders for civilian deaths. But the commanders remain in place, and the policy that put them there remains unchanged. Much of the Soviet media, *glasnost* forgotten, spreads disinformation about "fascist" forces seeking ascendancy. After the sudden resignation of Eduard Shevardnadze, the most trustworthy voice in the Soviet leadership, and his warning of a re-emerging dictatorship, Gorbachev appears increasingly to favor, or be in the control of, a small group of hardline advisers.

No one ever said reform of the Soviet Union would be easy. Politically, there is no democratic tradition on which to rely, not even on the modest scale of prewar Poland or Czechoslovakia. Moving from an entrenched command economy to a socially responsible system heavily reliant on entrepreneurship is a task to boggle the best of minds. On the economy, however, Gorbachev has sent mixed signals from the beginning; politically, the trend is toward retrenchment and the reconcentration of power. And suddenly, the hope that a reforming Soviet Union would be a reliable partner with the other developed nations in construction of a rational and peaceful new world order is dimming, taken over by fears of what either a newly aggressive or precipitously dissolving Soviet Union—still equipped with thousands of nuclear weapons, still with hundreds of thousands of troops billeted in Eastern Europe—might bring to pass.

It is an instant axiom, already worn to triteness, that the U.S. and the West have few options to consider in the face of this dismaying development. Though the strangling of infant democracies in the Baltic, should it continue, might well be considered a crime of greater moment than the invasion of Kuwait, no one is proposing or will propose comparable action, whether economic or military, to bring the Soviet authorities back on line. In our view, nevertheless, more can be done than has been done at this writing. Merely to postpone the planned U.S.-Soviet summit, merely to threaten constriction of promised aid, merely to protest violations of human rights—taken singly or together, these are not enough. Nor should we refrain from

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more meaningful measures out of concern for keeping the Soviets willing players in the anti-Iraq coalition.

Instead, the U.S. should rally the world's democracies to formulate *and announce* programs that will confront the Soviet leaders with the prospect of political isolation and economic noncooperation should they persist with repressive measures. We have allies. Late last month more than one hundred thousand citizens of Moscow marched to protest repression in the Baltics, and heard their deputy mayor, Sergei Stankevich, proclaim: "if we allow this to happen, then the violence will not stop in Lithuania. We are talking about the freedom of all of us." And Boris Yeltsin, leader of the Russian Republic, encouraged soldiers not to take up arms against the Baltics; several units refused to do so. The genie of liberty, having escaped from the bottle in the Soviet Union, will not be easily recaptured. We should do all we can to make it harder.

HAITI'S FIRE

Hades and Haiti—there is but one difference: Haiti exists on this side of the grave. Dante would recognize it at once.

January's election, the first free plebiscite in the country, and its remarkable outcome (over 70 percent of the presidential vote went to the political neophyte, Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide, a man aware of every aspect of Haiti's torment), may serve as the first step out of that many-layered hell. The election proved, once again, that given sufficient incentive and, in this case, international protection, a people will overcome its legitimate fears and vote its deepest hope.

Aristide's campaign slogan called for an electoral avalanche. It would take that to assure him bodily protection at home and political legitimacy abroad. Both will remain in doubt for some time to come. For despite his electoral mandate and pledges of support from abroad, including the United States, as "avalanche" implies, Haiti's pent-up political anger will be quieted only with time, strong leadership, and the achievement of some tangible progress.

"I bet you're from a friendly country—right?"

Just how terrifying that avalanche of anger is became clear when Port-au-Prince's Catholic archbishop, François Wolff Ligondé, lambasted the president-elect for his "communism." This was shortly before a failed, bloody coup attempt by members of the former dictatorship. The vengeance of the Haitian masses on church leaders and property was swift, blind, and horrifying. President-elect Aristide called for calm, but his pleas were not sufficient. Given that his own previous speeches implied the justification of revolutionary violence (see his, *In the Parish of the Poor*, Orbis), it will take a considerable effort on his part to subdue the whirlwind. That must be one of his immediate and long-term projects. His victory declaration that "those who would demand justice must begin by respecting the law," underscored by his statement following the coup attempt that "vigilance not vengeance" was the proper path to follow, set an important precedent. To become a viable democracy, Haiti will have to resist both vigilantism (whether from former traitors, the army, or roving mobs) and the cult of personality. And as a minuscule voter turnout for legislative elections later in the month indicated, democrated habits will need not only encouragement but cultivation in Haiti.

The U.S. has historic ties and obligations toward Haiti. U.S. economic aid, leverage on the Haitian military to respect constitutional government, and help in securing international monetary loans will be critical. After decades of the descent into hell, Haiti needs assistance: both heaven's and ours.

ET CETERA

WHAT'S SO FUNNY? The collapse (for the time being?) of totalitarianism in Eastern Europe is attributed to many things political, material, and spiritual. But surely laughter has often been the most subtlely corrosive weapon of the powerless. *You Call This Living? A Collection of East European Political Jokes* (C. Bane and Alan Dundes, University of Georgia Press, $9.95, 184 pp.) offers an extensively documented look at some of the most pointed weapons used by Eastern Europeans. Here is just a sampling of the small victories that can be claimed by the human spirit in times of oppression.

- Two Romanian policemen were standing on guard together. One asked the other:

  "What do you think of our regime?"

  "The same as you."

  "In that case, it is my duty to arrest you."

- "What is the definition of an 'exchange of opinion'?"

  "It's going to your boss with your opinion and leaving with his."

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- In a labor camp in Stalin's time.
  "How long are you in for?"
  "Fifteen years."
  "What did you do?"
  "Nothing."
  "Oh, come on, everybody knows that for nothing one only gets ten years."
- Three men meet in a jail.
  "What are you here for?"
  "Why, I went out and shouted, 'Down with Vasile Luca.'"
  "What are you here for?"
  "Oh, I shouted, 'Long live Vasile Luca.'"
  "What are you here for?"
  "Well, I am Vasile Luca."
- "What is a string quartet?"
  "The Moscow Symphony Orchestra after it returns from a trip to the West."
- One of the great achievements of communism is to have proven the Bible wrong. According to the Bible, in the beginning there was chaos, and then there was order.

The Russians know that first there was planning, and then there was chaos.

THE GULF WAR

DAUNTING QUESTIONS FOR ALL SIDES

January 17: Last night, we began our war against Iraq. With massive air bombardment comes another of those "defining moments" when each of us must decide where to stand, and in the process define our moment in history.

Questions of conscience come first. Some among us believe war is never justified, others that war has become unjustifiable because of the nature of modern warfare. Almost everyone endorses the search for nonviolent means of resolving injustice, but today's events demonstrate that pacifists have failed, so far at least, to convince the majority of us that nonviolent methods alone can overcome injustice, secure reasonable national interests, and insure a degree of international stability. Having failed to do so, the most peace loving and honestly peacemaking among us once again face the agonizing choice between surrendering their conscience by going along or retaining integrity by one or another form of conscientious objection, with its painful separation from the community. Nonviolence honestly pursued remains an honorable but lonely vocation.

Those of us who do not rule out war on principle, at least not yet, face our own tough questions. And face them we must, for to ignore the questions and simply accept the decisions of the government is to deny conscience, betray the most basic meaning of citizenship. Always we have the question of what we owe one another, we human beings. But, busy with immediate responsibilities, we find ways to turn away, even from the most needy on our doorstep. The question presses on us, however, when women and men, most young, acting on our behalf, kill other men and women, and when some of those we ask to do that, for us, themselves sacrifice their lives. No greater love than this, rare in religion, as common as war.

Surely there is a just cause here: Saddam Hussein had no right to seize Kuwait, whatever we may think of that small country's ruling family. Worse, Iraq's behavior as occupier violated all the accepted standards of civilized conduct. But why here and not in the Baltics? Why war here, and friendship with those who ordered the massacre in Tiananmen Square? And why now? Had all alternative means of liberating Kuwait been exhausted? Could the sanctions have been extended, combined with a more realistic political strategy and a reasonable negotiating stance? Is war a proportionate response: that is, is there a reasonable relationship between the ends pursued and the means used? Will we level Kuwait to save it?

And, once launched, can war making remain within proportionate boundaries and continue to discriminate between military and civilian "targets"? How many civilian deaths—"collateral damage"—are acceptable? Why is one ok but a hundred not? A hundred but not a thousand? Before answering quickly, we must ask the question, as we ask the cause question, through the tears of the mother of one dead child. And what is meant by those recurring, confident words "quick, decisive, and overwhelming force"? Or the president's promise, echoing old resentments, that our troops will not fight "with one arm tied behind their back"? Is that arm nuclear, or what, and is it tied by conscience, with its bothersome questions? Evil must be stopped, a congressman keeps saying, but evil is on the loose in many places these days, not least perhaps in our own indifference about politics and our irritation with those nagging voices in our own hearts.

Conscience questions are inseparable from political questions, for proportionality requires assessing contexts, long- and short-range goals, available options, means and ends. Is the end worthy?

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Surely to liberate Kuwait, stabilize the region, secure the world oil supply, and build an international coalition to protect small nations, all are legitimate goals. But will war achieve these things? The administration's arm-twisting of old and new allies to prevent negotiation suggests that the real objective is to destroy Saddam Hussein's regime. What happens then? Will the Gulf and the Middle East be more or less stable? Who will be in charge? Will a U.S. presence be needed to intimidate Syria and Iran? Will we accept "self-determination" and "the rights of small nations" even if they are unfriendly? Will we apply those principles in the Palestinian case? Whether we do or not, will Israel be safer? And how far will we go for oil? Who does not benefit from a secure oil supply? And will war strengthen the UN and build the coalition? And what of the Arab nation, and the great people of Islam? Are they now, will they ever be, accepted as our brothers and sisters in a single human family? What would that acceptance require, here and now?

Sanctions, diplomacy, political maneuvers, an enhanced blockade, cautious military pressure exercised under UN, not U.S., command, if we had persisted with all these, we might have drawn Germany and Japan into a more responsible role, gradually built a structure for authentic regional cooperation, and ended with strong tools for defending human rights and the independence of small nations from the Baltic to Tiananmen to South Africa. But is that our vision of "new world order," or is it Teddy Roosevelt's "righteous use of superior force"?

Finally there are questions of patriotism. If there is one thing that distinguishes the opposition to administration policy now from that of the sixties, it is the cooling of that passionate love of country which made the struggle of those days so intense. There is a much higher level of cynicism—"No Blood for Oil"—and fatalism, "the decision is made, what can be done?"—among all of us today, and that is not a good thing. It pervaded the public debate that preceded the war. President Bush took the commendable risk of asking Congress for its support, so it is their war now, and ours. But did not the debate amount to placing our fate in the hands of Saddam Hussein (hoping sanctions will "work") or George Bush (enforcing the UN deadline)? Once posed that way, the debate's outcome was inevitable. Patriotic support for our men and women in the field could be counted on to do the rest.

But who defines patriotism? Let there be no mistake about it: advocates of peace and international justice lost the political and cultural debate surrounding Vietnam. From Richard Nixon's triumph in 1968 through Jimmy Carter's "malaise" speech and Ronald Reagan's revolution, patriotic meaning was not that of Martin Luther King, Jr., or even Robert Kennedy. For all the contradictions of his rhetoric and the irrationalities and injustices of his policies, Reagan touched a deep moral nerve in American life. Those who deny it need only try to answer the questions: What is the meaning of our national experience? What is it that makes us one people?

But perhaps all these questions need not be asked. Perhaps the war will end quickly. And what then will be the lesson of Iraq? That we need only stand tall and be strong and we can bend history our way? That Americans, uniting technology and goodness, are destined to lead the world? We can end this war in ways that will enforce for a time conformity to our will. Unconditional surrender, restoration of the ruling family in Kuwait, military occupation of Iraq, enhanced military capability for the Saudis, naval presence in the Gulf, with mobile forces nearby, a formula for regional stability. The new weapons may make all this possible, and perhaps enable us to "solve" other cases of regional instability, like Central America.

The alternative would be a peace settlement that embraces mutual security, Palestinian rights, arms sales and regional arms control, a truly multinational peacekeeping force, and stabilization of oil prices through international agreements. These are the real issues; their resolution through negotiation is the way to peace. The question is whether we are prepared to engage in such negotiation, and compromise our national objectives, in order to build, gradually, with many failures and considerable ambiguity, structures of collective security and international cooperation.

In that direction lies a new patriotism, that defines the meaning of the American people in the building of a single human family capable of protecting human rights and overcoming political and economic oppression without the brutality of war. Far more than the righteous use of superior force, that vision can renew our national spirit, and give purpose and direction to our own lives.

Young men and women appear each night on our television screens, humbling us by their willingness to fight for their country and for the moral ideal of resisting tyranny. That patriotic idealism, and the wondrous technology now enlisted in the cause of death, can be turned to the service of life and the building of a just and peaceful world. The choice, as always, is to be made not in war but in politics, in the continuing struggle to define the terms of the policy debate, influence the interpretation of our national symbols, and persuade people to support our cause. That is where the battle must be joined.

DAVID J. O'BRIEN

DAVID J. O'BRIEN *teaches history at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts. His most recent book is* Public Catholicism *(Macmillan).*

ANTI-SEMITISM IN EUROPE

CHRONIC AMBIVALENCE

TWO STEPS FORWARD...

The Tiber, Moldau, and Vistula: Even to pronounce the names sets off intense ambivalent feelings within me. They stir up bitter memories of past Christian-Jewish relations, as well as hopes for a better future. And after visits to Rome, Prague, and Wloclawek last December, that ambivalence has only increased.

● Rome. I was part of the International Jewish Committee

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for Interreligious Consultations delegation to the Vatican on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of *Nostra aetate*. The speakers stressed the enormous positive achievements in Catholic-Jewish relations since 1965, including last September's Prague statement that called for Catholic *teshuvah*, "repentance," for all acts of anti-Semitism committed in the past.

At the end of the three-day conference, Pope John Paul II spoke movingly of the unique relationship that Christianity has with Jews and Judaism, specifically cited the tragedy of the *shoah* (the Holocaust), and closed his talk with a quotation from the Babylonian Talmud, perhaps a first in papal history since the Talmud had been burned by church authorities in the Middle Ages.

I left Rome with several strong impressions. We are clearly moving into a new generation of leadership in Catholic-Jewish relations. Archbishop Edward Cassidy is the new president of the Pontifical Commission for Religious Relations with the Jews, succeeding Cardinal Johannes Willebrands, who was literally "present at the creation" of *Nostra aetate* in the 1960s. Many of the Jewish participants who attended the Vatican conference were newcomers to international Catholic-Jewish meetings.

A key problem still remains: to make the many positive church teachings about Jews and Judaism into a living reality for Catholics throughout the world (indeed, "implementation" was the buzzword in Rome for all the delegates); and to come to some resolution over Vatican relations with the state of Israel.

● Prague. For the remainder of the trip, I traveled on my own to develop an Eastern European interreligious coalition against resurgent anti-Semitism, extreme nationalism, and ethnic conflict. Prague is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, but all is not well there. While repressive communism has been removed, the old Czech-Slovak rivalry has reappeared. The Czechs, mostly Protestant, number about 10 million people, and the Slovaks, about half that number, are overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. Each group is suspicious of the other, and there are disturbing reports of renewed anti-Semitism in Slovakia. Many of the Protestant leaders in Prague reminded me that Slovakia, a puppet state of the Nazis during World War II, had an anti-Semitic premier, Monsignor Joseph Tiso [see *Commonweal*, November 23, 1990], who was executed as a war criminal in 1947.

But the Czech Protestants also have other things on their minds. One of the signers of the human rights document, Charter 77, is sixty-three-year-old Ladislav Hedjanek. He told me it "will take two generations to cleanse the Protestant church of all the damage that was done by forty years of communism." Hadjanek was stripped of his teaching job in 1977 and for twelve years was forced to be a coal stoker. He has only recently resumed teaching philosophy and religion at Prague's Charles University.

Hadjanek's assessment was echoed by others. The worst epithet in today's Prague is "collaborator." The Communist regime controlled, subverted, and corrupted all facets of national life, including religion. Jewish and Christian leaders warned me that I should not meet with "so and so" because he was "a known collaborator." But I made a conscious decision to talk with everyone I could, and I did.

The ancient, tragic Jewish community of Czechoslovakia lost one hundred and fifty-five thousand of its one hundred and eighty thousand population during the Holocaust, and even as a tiny remnant after the war, it suffered under a Communist government that was anti-Zionist (the 1952 Slansky trials) and anti-Israel (Czechoslovakia provided training for the Palestine Liberation Organization). One of President Vaclav Havel's first acts last year was to restore diplomatic relations with Israel and end all PLO support.

The collaborationist controversy has not spared the Prague Jewish community. Its young rabbi, Daniel Mayer, was forced to leave his position and the country because he was reputed to have collaborated with the authorities.

Dr. Joseph Doksansky, a Roman Catholic member of the Parliament and a Charter 77 leader, told me that the same charges are also swirling in his community. Doksansky believes that Czechoslovakia's churches, Catholic and Protestant, will play a major role, "for good or ill" in shaping future Czech society.

Almost every Protestant leader that I met in Prague was bitter about the "naive" and "dangerous" role that liberal American Protestant leaders, especially the National Council of Churches (NCC), played during the Communist regime. Professor Jan Dus, a Bible scholar who was imprisoned for over a year, told me: "The NCC people consistently refused to face the inconvenient fact that Christians were being persecuted in this country, that communism was tyrannical, that human rights and religious liberty were being systematically denied. My colleagues and I will never forget the NCC's failure to recognize the antireligious actions of the Communists. The NCC always underestimated the harshness of the old regime. There is such a thing as evil in the world."

No trip to Prague is complete without a visit to nearby Terezin, a stopping place for thousands of Jews, many of them children, before being transported to Auschwitz. The Czechs have maintained the hideous "Little Fortress," a scene of torture and killing, just as it was in 1945. Nothing has been tidied up for the tourist.

● Wloclawek. This was my third visit to Poland in fourteen months. This time I was the house guest of Bishop Henryk Muszynski, the ordinary of this grim and polluted city. He is the chairman of the Polish Bishops' Commission for Dialogue with Judaism. When I arrived, I learned of the bishops' pastoral letter on Jews, Judaism, anti-Semitism, and the Holocaust that was read in every Polish church in late January. It is a remarkable document. It represents the first time the Polish episcopate, including Cardinal Joseph Glemp, the primate of the Polish church, has addressed these themes in such a comprehensive and direct manner.

The letter asks Polish Catholics to seek "forgiveness from our Jewish brothers and sisters...for all incidents of anti-Semitism which were committed at any time or by anyone on Polish soil." Catholic indifference to Jewish suffering during the Nazi occupation of Poland, the letter says, "will forever gnaw at our conscience...."

Bishop Muszynski played a key role in the development of this ground-breaking document. The fact that it will be a permanent teaching document for Polish Catholics makes it of great

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historic importance.

I met with Lech Walesa in Sopot, a small town near Gdansk, three days after his election as president of Poland. During our private meeting he pledged a "new chapter in Polish history, one free of anti-Semitism, extreme nationalism, and chauvinism...a Poland that will be pluralistic and democratic." During his campaign, Walesa had made a widely reported speech in which he declared that he was a "100-percent Polish Catholic... clean" and that he had the papers to prove it. When I questioned him about this, he replied: "I really meant it in a positive way. I am proud to be a Polish Catholic, just as I would be proud if I were a 100-percent Polish Jew." Walesa admitted that when he had met with American Jewish leaders in New York City in 1989, "it had not been a good meeting. I was misunderstood, and I made some mistakes, and I do not want to repeat them." Noting that Warsaw is one of the transfer points for Soviet Jews on their way to Israel, Walesa told me: "Get them out of the Soviet Union now! As soon as possible!"

During our meeting I sensed Walesa's acute awareness that both he and his country were under the world's critical microscope. His presidency will be judged not only on its economic record, but also on how effectvely it attacks and solves the problems of "anti-Semitism and chauvinism." Walesa knows that the continued presence of anti-Semitism in Poland is morally and politically unacceptable.

I am drawn to Poland in a strange and mystical way that I can only accept, but not explain. Poland was once the world center of Jewish life, a land the bishops' letter correctly describes as the "origin of the majority of Jews living in the world today...." In 1939, 3.3 million Jews lived in Poland. The Nazis carried out the mass murder of millions. Today there are less than ten thousand in a Polish population of 38 million which is over 90 percent Roman Catholic. For nearly a thousand years Polish Jews struggled against anti-Semitism. To visit Poland today is like taking a crash course in medieval and modern history and in Catholic-Jewish relations. I can only wonder what lies ahead. I am sure that the pope, President Walesa, Cardinal Glemp, and Bishop Muszynski must be wondering as well. We can only watch and wait.

A. JAMES RUDIN

A. James Rudin, a rabbi, is the American Jewish Committee's interreligious affairs director and a past chair of the International Jewish Committee for Interreligious Consultation.

WORLD WATCH

J. Bryan Hehir

AGOSTINO CASAROLI

THE VATICAN'S STRATEGIST OF DIALOGUE

Since the events of 1989 in Eastern Europe and the larger and longer evolution in U.S.-Soviet relations that has characterized the tenure of Mikhail Gorbachev until now, the contrast between the old and new world order has become standard discourse in the media, in the academy, and in politics. The theme has intensified as President George Bush has staked much of his policy in the Persian Gulf on the concept that a successful resistance to Iraq's invasion of Kuwait is a lynchpin in creating the "new world order." In all of this use of old and new, there is more to be analyzed than will be attempted here, because I have a different purpose.

It is to shift the focus of the discussion from the world to the church, and to take note of a person who might be described as a man of the old order who has been strategically crucial in creating a new order between the church and the world. On December 1, 1990, Pope John Paul II accepted the resignation of Cardinal Agostino Casaroli as Vatican secretary of state. Cardinal Casaroli held the position of secretary of state for eleven years,having been appointed by John Paul II in 1979. The Vatican is not given to a style that personalizes policymaking, so Casaroli's retirement was quiet and quick. The pope referred to him as "a wise and expert collaborator" who had made "significant advances to improve the church behind the so-called Iron Curtain."

It is precisely because the passing of Casaroli from the official policymaking process will not be a noticed event outside a small circle of diplomatic and ecclesial Vatican observers, that a comment on his role in a more popular forum might be worthwhile. The eleven years as secretary of state were only a piece of a priestly vocation spent entirely in the Vatican foreign office. Casaroli entered the diplomatic service in 1938 and retired in 1990. Unlike most of his colleagues, he never served outside of Rome in a diplomatic ministry that began in the world of Mussolini, Hitler, and Roosevelt and ended in the world of Gorbachev, Bush, and Havel.

He was by training, style, and age a man of the "old order," the old order in both church and state. His theological training took shape in a perspective that would be profoundly revised and renewed by the teaching and spirit of Vatican II; his diplomatic manner and his extensive historical knowledge marked him from the school of classical European diplomacy. He used both of these in the service of five popes from Pius XII through John Paul II.

The length of this tenure and the cataclysmic changes that Casaroli worked through, from World War II to the cold war to the collapse of communism, would ensure from a secular diplomat a memoir, describing the events and his role. But it is most unlikely that we will ever have from

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Casaroli a volume like Acheson's *Present at the Creation* or Kennan's *Memoirs*.

Both the ecclesiastical and the diplomatic world will be poorer on this account, so it is necessary to rely on the commentary of others like Hansjacob Stehle's *The Eastern Politics of the Vatican 1917-1979* or Peter Nichols's *The Politics of the Vatican*. The story they and others record is that of a man shaped in the old order who did not remain its captive. By nature and structure, Vatican policy is principally—overwhelmingly—determined by popes, not career diplomats. But Casaroli's role in serving popes of different diplomatic visions is the fascinating story of his life. His first twenty years were in the service of Pius XII's mortal combat with totalitarianism, particularly in opposition to Soviet attempts to repress and eradicate the role of religion in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

By the end of Pius XII's papacy, however, Casaroli was among those—led by Montini—who saw the need for a different style in addressing this menace, even if basic principles remained constant. Montini's proposal in the mid-1950s to open a dialogue with the Communist regimes, as a way to gain a limited freedom for the church, earned him a premature exodus from the center of policy to the archbishopric of Milan.

The shift from the old to the new ecclesial order initiated by John XXIII in 1959 included an acceptance of the Montini strategy toward the East. John XXIII went substantially beyond anything proposed in the 1950s. In *Pacem in terris* he provided a theoretical foundation for a shift in tactics by drawing the distinction between the false philosophical principles that often are the basis for historical movements, and the change the latter undergo because of events and circumstances. For John XXIII the distinction provided the reason for engaging the Communists in dialogue to achieve practical, concrete objectives like preventing war and opening living space for the church in Communist countries. John complemented his theoretical assertion with a series of initiatives to open the dialogue of Catholicism and communism.

Popes establish a policy; others must provide strategy, tactics, and implementation. Here Casaroli became the key figure for the next twenty-five years. First as secretary for the Council of Public Affairs (the "foreign ministry" of the Vatican) and then as secretary of state, he initiated the contacts with Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia; he represented the Holy See in signing the Nonproliferation Treaty (in Moscow) in 1968; and under the even more expansive Eastern policy of Paul VI, he helped shape what others called "Vatican Ostpolitik."

The policy, like its secular analogue of "détente," had its critics both at the level of principle and tactics. Stehle's extensive analysis records Casaroli's patient perseverance, his substantial accomplishments, and his rare moments of discreet response to his critics. At the level of principle, some saw "Ostpolitik" as simply a sellout. The dramatic contrast in the 1970s, of a Cardinal Mindzenty openly in resistance to any shift from his life-long defiance of communism, and Casaroli seeking to chip away the walls imprisoning the church in a series of arduously negotiated agreements represented the poles of the argument. At the level of tactics, Casaroli had to defend the policy of dialogue and negotiation against the formidable skepticism of Cardinal Wyzynski of Poland, who feared that too much would be traded away. Wyzynski was not immune to making agreements himself with the Polish government, but he feared that outsiders—even Vatican diplomats—would not weigh the costs and benefits wisely. Casaroli responded to both criticisms, maintaining that no principle was being sacrificed and that a review of the negotiations would illustrate their utility.

Given this decade-long debate about the policy with which Casaroli was so identified, many questioned whether a Polish pope would retain him. It was a symbolic vote of confidence for the strategy of dialogue when John Paul II named him secretary of state within days of the pontiff's election. In the last decade, John Paul II has been the catalyst and the champion of change in Eastern Europe, some argue second only to Gorbachev. But Casaroli has continued to be an essential architect in a policy whose wisdom has been vindicated in the "new order." In a series of ceremonial events, from the Vatican to Poland to the United States, over the past year, Casaroli's contribution has been publicly acknowledged.

His retirement raises a final question. Secular diplomatic figures are often used in different ways; they are given platforms to share hard-earned wisdom and they are given assignments in critical situations. From all appearances Casaroli retired at a very young seventy-six. Precisely because a memoir is unlikely, it would be a double loss if the ecclesial community failed to make use of this much intelligence and experience. □

OF SEVERAL MINDS Abigail McCarthy

WHEN WE WERE POOR TOGETHER

LESSONS WE MAY NEED AGAIN

The economic analysts are still telling us that it isn't a real recession, that it will bottom out soon, that things will be on the upswing by the end of the year. Yet every morning we wake up to the ominous headlines: another bankruptcy, so many thousand laid off at a financial institution, another few hundred at a local business, advertised auctions of the homes of defaulting mortgagees or of a developer's unsold new houses. And another bank in trouble.

For many people it has begun to feel like more than a recession. It feels like a depression. One of my friends went to her bank the other day and took out $500 in $100 bills, not to spend but to stash away. Her reason: "I want to have some money in the house in case the bank closes." Her son, a broker of the yuppie generation, laughs. "Oh, mother," he says, "there's no

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"Our days of living from pay check to pay check are over...I was laid-off."

need to hoard money. Your accounts are all insured." But his mother remembers all too well another era of bank closings. "Even if we do get the money back," she answers, "we won't get it right away. It could be weeks."

Those of us who remember the Great Depression have a secret fear it could be far longer than that. We are looking back to the strategies of the Depression era—the things we did to save and survive then—and hoping that we can resort to such strategies again if we have to. For us, as heirs of the generations of frugality, it seemed matter-of-fact to cope with want—"to do without." After all, we were the younger contemporaries of the thrifty affluent, of men like New England's Senator Leverett Saltonstall who was said to wear his father's wedding trousers at work on the Senate floor; and of WASP scion Adlai Stevenson who, as a matter of course, wore his shoes until they had holes in the soles. (It used to be routine to get shoes half-soled when they were worn and, during the Depression when we couldn't afford even that, we cut foot-shaped pieces of cardboard and covered the holes in our shoes with them.)

We wonder now if those who are younger, those who have grown up accustomed to easy money in a throw-away society, will be able to adapt to their straitened circumstances. Already there are reports of families breaking up under the strain, of increased abuse among family members, and of abandoned children. Can we help them?

Those of my generation, children in the Depression, have tended to look back on it in a half-romantic and righteous way. We trade stories of saving and making things last. Who but some of us remember turning shirt collars and clipping frayed cuffs, darning socks smoothly so there would be no lumpy pressure on heels, mending tears so that they were almost invisible, sponging old suits with vinegar to take away the shine of wear? When clothes were worn beyond repair we could take them to women who wove the rags into rugs. When old curtains were too fragile for mending they were held together by heavy starch.

We sewed up the runs, first, in silk stockings, then in nylons when they became generally available. When the latter faded we restored the color with tea or a tint called RIT. For those working women who could afford it, department stores maintained concessions where runs were mended mechanically so as to be almost undetectable. "You left them one Saturday," reminisces one woman, "and picked them up the next. The only problem was that there had to be a little knot where the new thread ended. In time your legs looked freckled." In the end, old stockings made fine dust cloths.

And the economies of food! A chicken—one chicken—made a Sunday dinner for an average family. There was a piece for everybody and the fiction that mother or grandmother preferred "the piece that went over the fence last" seems to have been universal. The stuffing had been made of stale bread—carefully saved heels and crusts—and spice. The bones and the water saved from boiling potatoes made soup the next day, and the left-over gravy made a bread and gravy supper during the week. Home-canned peaches, tomatoes, and pork (this last brought by relatives on the farm) augmented the winter diet. In the Midwest it was still possible to get a family meal out of twenty-five cents' worth of round steak. People raised rabbits to eat and hunters shot squirrels, duck, geese, pheasant, and deer without regard to season. In the East a friend tells me that her mother specialized in meals from the then-scorned and cheap variety meats—heart, kidneys, liver, and brains.

People gave up their telephones and newspapers and tried to save on electricity by gathering under one fixture to read and do homework at night—often a fixture with one or two low-watt bulbs. Radios were turned on only for very special programs, and for the weather in the morning and the nightly news.

In retrospect, there was an element of challenge in all this. Franklin Roosevelt was president. He had told us that things would get better—that all we had to fear was fear itself. Most of us believed him. We had hope and, in the meantime, we took advantage of what help his government gave us and made do as best we could. We did not lose our sense of celebration. At Christmastime our parents gave us the things we needed—new sweaters, new dresses, new mittens, and scarves. Most managed a book and a toy. These were wrapped up and put under the tree. The story is that the gift wrap industry took off then. Pretty paper and bows made the utilitarian festive. And presents were unwrapped carefully, the paper folded, and the ribbons smoothed out and saved. We had the help, too, of feeling that the Depression affected everyone. We were poor together.

Today we are a divided people, fragmented by race and class. Economic suffering is uneven, to an extent, regional. The rich seem relatively untouched. We forget that some historians hold that we were near revolution in the 1930s before Roosevelt's election. With no strong Rooseveltian figure to restore confidence, what can we do to help each other in this very different recession/depression?

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EASTERN EUROPE'S TROUBLED TRANSITION

DEMOCRACY IS SOUND ECONOMICS

JOHN FEFFER

In the fall of 1989, Tadeusz Mazowiecki formed the first non-Communist government in Poland and Eastern Europe after nearly forty-five years of one-party states. For the better part of 1990, Prime Minister Mazowiecki remained the most respected politician in the country, drawing on the political capital of the Solidarity trade union movement to which he owed his position. Not only did he prove more popular than his parliamentary and ministerial colleagues, but he consistently outpolled his major opponent, Solidarity leader Lech Walesa.

Nonetheless, one year later, Mazowiecki placed third in the Polish presidential race. He ran far behind Walesa whose Hobbesian political program ("a war of all against all") and nonexistent economic program ("the people will give it to me"), should have disqualified him from the country's top spot, his Nobel Prize notwithstanding. The prime minister even trailed the "man from nowhere," Stanislaw Tyminski, an emigré businessman with a dubious political background and a flair for the inaccurate.

Mazowiecki's fall from grace is more than simply a stunning political reversal. His showing indicates that political instability has become the new specter haunting the region. As various leaders fail and their governments fall in the coming months and years, many reasons will be cited from economic downturns and political mistakes to the general fickleness of the electorate.

One aspect—as in the Polish case—is likely to receive scant attention: the nondemocratic character of the economic reforms. However remarkable the triumphs of the opposition movements in Eastern Europe, however pluralistic the elections that catapulted these movements into public office, in fact, the economic programs these new governments have subsequently developed are exclusionary by design and unjust in their effects; they are undermining the social consensus necessary to implement reform. In promising long-range economic success, these programs, patterned after Poland's "shock therapy," will bring about political crises in the short-term, endangering not only the fragile parliamentary mechanisms so recently revived, but ironically the very economic programs themselves. Mazowiecki's repudiation at the polls raises a more general and critical question: Can economic modernization be achieved democratically?

Political reform and economic restructuring have only recently gone hand in hand in Eastern Europe. In the 1960s and '70s, Hungary and Yugoslavia fashioned celebrated economic reform packages, all within one-party systems. The collapse of the Eastern European economies at the end of the '70s transformed "reform" into a code word for austerity implemented from above and widened the gap between government and public on economic matters. After declaring martial law and outlawing Solidarity in 1981, the Polish government attempted a go-it-alone economic restructuring which was ultimately ignored by a dispirited Polish population. In early 1989, the Polish and Hungarian Communist parties finally realized that unpopular economic measures—raising prices, introducing unemployment, cutting government expenditures—would be accepted only after the introduction of some form of political democracy. In coalition with opposition intellectuals or organized workers, the Communist parties imagined that their plans for modernization with attendant social costs would gain majority support. Macroeconomic indicators would finally balance and the flow of aid from the West would be reopened.

Then came the formation of the Mazowiecki government in September 1989, followed by the fall of the East German and Czechoslovak governments, the better-late-than-never Bulgarian *perestroika*, and the violent overthrow of Ceausescu in Romania. These rapid political developments suddenly overshadowed economic reform. Grand coalitions and new social contracts between ruling Communist parties and emerging opposition movements were instant anachronisms. The movements themselves were now in the position both to seize political power and to sell economic reform single-handedly.

The Mazowiecki government was the first to take the plunge with its version of "overnight" capitalism. Instituted in January 1990, the Balcerowicz plan (named after the new finance minister) accomplished several of its stated goals. Inflation eased, almost immediately. The zloty stabilized and trade surpluses began to appear. But the Balcerowicz plan was far from a miracle. A major recession hit Poland in 1990: both agricultural and industrial

JOHN FEFFER, *a consultant to the American Friends Service Committee, is author of* Beyond Détente *(Hill & Wang). He recently returned from a six-month tour of Eastern Europe.*

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production dropped, and the Polish standard of living, which had been below that of every country in the region except Romania, fell even further. Unemployment rose precipitously, homelessness became a major social issue, crime increased, and the Mazowiecki government had neither the money, the Western assistance, nor frankly the interest in developing social policies that could treat these ills.

Both the economic problems and successes of the Balcerowicz plan have been closely followed and strenuously debated in Poland and abroad. But the political dimension of the scheme has been frequently overlooked. Developed by a government put into place by a mass movement, the plan for "overnight" capitalism represented the triumph of the technocratic approach, a reliance on a small number of experts, mostly from the West and almost exclusively monetarists. The chief spokesman of this clan, Harvard's Jeffrey Sachs, suggested the neoliberal remedy of last resort (employed by the Reagan administration in the early '80s): squeeze inflation out of the system by setting into motion a deep recession. The strategy was politically sophisticated, putting the population through the wringer quickly before voters could throw the rogues out of office via the new medium of democracy. Compared to nothing, which was the Solidarity economic policy at the time, the Sachs proposal was appealing.

But not to everyone. After a brief honeymoon, Polish workers began to strike and farmers started their road blockades. His popularity waning, Lech Walesa immediately resumed his role as spokesman for the opposition. He negotiated compromises in the transport and shipyard strikes in May, and in July he brought the Mlawa farmers' strike to a close in the face of a government decision to use force in the conflict. Walesa's industrial diplomacy was no mere altruism. Throughout the spring of 1990, he had been maneuvering for political space. Attentive to the complaints of average Poles, he was searching for the weak points of a government he ostensibly created. As austerity began to bite, he found the appropriate rhetoric, exploiting the public's perceptions of the Balcerowicz plan as conspiratorial wheeling and dealing (a tactic that united anticommunism, anti-intellectualism, antimodernism, and anti-Semitism), and playing up his own "outsider" status. (For many, however, Walesa was not outsider enough, thus the surprise turnout for Tyminski.)

Though capitalizing on discontent with the Balcerowicz plan during the fall campaign, President Walesa has not lessened the shock. Quite the contrary: during his campaign, he promised acceleration of the plan and has subsequently appointed neoliberal Jan Bielecki as prime minister to replace Mazowiecki. Walesa, it is often said, is the sum of his advisers. When those advisers were trade unionists, he championed industrial democracy; with political activists he urged political reform; and now, with neoliberals, Walesa will keep to the Balcerowicz path. Should Walesa not democratize the economic reform process, however, he may follow Mazowiecki down the path of diminishing electoral returns.

Ron Overton

The Acting Program Director Holds a Press Conference to Explain the Death of the Challenger Shuttle and Seven Aboard in a Fiery Cloud of Snow

On the watch
beneath his starched cuff
nu:nbers continue to change
matter is simply
energy at rest
a shift in infor-

mation just
as evidence of
shirtsleeve weather is brought to
our winter by a systematic ar-
rangement of dots seen

from the right
distance his face fills
the plane of the screen while a
gull apparently
glides into his left
ear and out his right

Other leaders and parties in the region should pay careful attention to the Polish case. Many parties—Democratic Forum in Hungary, National Salvation Front in Romania, the former Bulgarian and Serbian Communist parties, the Havel faction of Czechoslovakia's Civic Forum—promised gradual market transitions rather than a Polish "shock" treatment and won over their liberal opponents in national elections. Now, governments in the region are all in the middle or on the verge of implementing austerity programs certain to be unpopular and certain to lead to political destabilization.

The question here is not how to avoid austerity, how to sweeten it or postpone it or endlessly criticize it. The modernization of Eastern Europe requires sacrifices, there is no way around it. But who will sacrifice? How long will sacrifice be required? And in what manner will the decisions be made? These questions should be answered in a democratic manner—not simply because one believes in abstract principles but for reasons that appeal as well to practitioners of *realpolitik*. The public may not stand for anything else.

For one thing, egalitarianism is still strong in the region, both from a historical standpoint and from the inevitable internalization of socialist principles in even those sectors of the population that most consciously opposed Communist rule. The various opposition movements in the region reflected these concerns. The Solidarity movement of 1980-81 was founded on principles of social justice, translated into appeals for greater economic and political democracy. The Bulgarian opposition worked on behalf of jailed and unfairly treated ethnic Turks in the late '80s.

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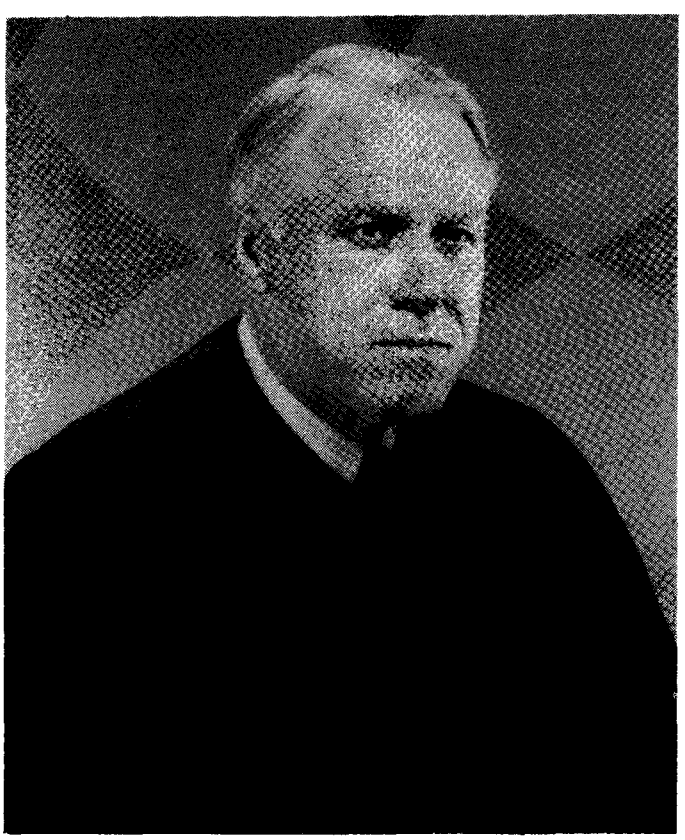
The Havel/Dienstbier faction of Civic Forum has drawn upon the social democratic traditions of pre- and postwar Czechoslovak society. Various churches in the region have often emphasized justice issues, uniting political, economic, and spiritual questions (the Justice, Peace and Integrity of Creation process in Germany, Pope John Paul II's 1983 speeches in Poland on workers' rights).

According to the neoliberal economic approaches adopted in Eastern Europe, social justice and modernization are by definition incompatible. Political democracy was intended to compensate for austerity and fulfill any leftover egalitarian hankerings. But political democracy seems to have proved a poor substitute. Polish voters, who have turned out 70 percent strong for national elections, managed only a 40 percent figure for local elections in the spring of 1990. In the most recent local elections in Hungary, only 30 percent of the population voted (and significantly the majority of winners were independent candidates). Eastern Europeans are discovering that mere voting, while initially exhilarating after decades of nonelections, can be quite hollow in the absence of more widespread democratic institutions and activities that reach into the economic realm as well. In the interwar period, 1919-39, authoritarianism and fascism were the results of declining faith in democracy. Today's echoes of this period are disturbing: praise in Romania for Antonescu, the strong-arm leader of the 1940s; the revival in Croatia of anti-Serbian sentiment characteristic of the Fascist Ustasa; Polish and Hungarian anti-Semitism; the placement of a commemorative plaque (later removed) to the Fascist Tiso in Slovakia.

What are the alternatives to undemocratic reform leading to possible far-Right revivals? Modernization and "structural adjustment" need not be foisted on the population. Europe, for instance, has its traditions of workplace democracy, where workers play a larger role in management (Germany) and strong unions negotiate uniform contracts across specialties (Sweden). But more pluralistic economic development need not come simply from above through neocorporatist structures. Governments in the region could instead look more to responsible community development. Building on the recent experiences of "round tables" which brought representatives of various sectors of society together to discuss important reform questions, intermediary structures at the local level could combine private enterprise, government support, joint ventures, retraining and reskilling, cooperatives, and mixed ownership. This option would not be easy to adopt in a region with little experience in community development. Yet such techniques, if combined with existing institutions devoted to privatization, housing, and workers' rights, might prove useful not only in raising productivity levels and kindling the work ethic at a local level but in avoiding the populism of resentment as well.

The common feature of these alternatives is public participation, an element often viewed with ambivalence by governments in the region. One European Community document ("Perspectives for Coordinated Assistance from the G-24 to the Countries of Central and Eastern Europe," European Commission) neatly encapsulates the dilemma: "Governments will require strong pop-



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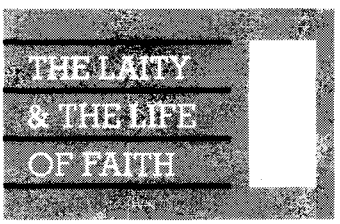
ular support if they are to resist pressures to relax adjustment programs." But from where will these pressures come, if not from a public incensed at price increases, high unemployment, and deteriorating social conditions? Mass public action proved enormously useful in eliminating the Communist governments; pluralism aided the subsequent parliamentary elections. Only now, when the true work of reform gets under way, has the public become a hindrance. Should modernization proceed undemocratically in Eastern Europe, disenfranchising large segments of the population and not engaging them constructively, more and more politicians will join Tadeusz Mazowiecki on the political casualty list. □

ONE RELIGION WASN'T ENOUGH

FROM THE MARINE CORPS TO THE CORPUS MYSTICUM

MARTIN YOUNG



I lost my kinship with righteousness on my third day in Vietnam, when I drove by the Danang morgue and saw stacks of aluminum body boxes glimmering in the sunlight. The boxes were being lifted onto trucks by forklifts, such was the volume of business. No pallbearers, no flags, no ceremonial volleys of rifle fire to honor the dead as they began their journey home.

What provokes me to grapple with this ancient memory? Oddly enough, I am provoked by the integralists who are trying to control today's church. In the integralists I see my own compulsion for certitude, my dread of diversity, and my fear of an angry God. I fear people who tell me my salvation depends on doing what "they" say on behalf of the organization. As a Marine, I was strictly an organization man. But as a Christian, I am called to change, and this essay is part of the process.

I was trained as an integralist according to prescriptions of the *Baltimore Cathechism*, an authoritarian upbringing that disposed me to accept military discipline as a way of life. My pastor was correct when he bellowed, "My God, man! Isn't one religion enough?" after I told him I had joined the Marines. Suffice it to say, one religion wasn't enough for this boyo.

My affinity for absolutism had something to do with having someone or something to tell me I was okay. But temperamentally I wasn't entirely content being a rule follower. I had reservations about being obedient when I felt things weren't fair, and I bristled when commanded to "Shut up and do it." This edge to my character showed up on the third day of the first grade after sister shook me by the shoulders for talking out of turn when I had not. When I told my mother what sister had done, she put me over her knee and gave me three whacks. Not mean, brutal whacks, but instructive whacks. "You'll get three at home for every one you get at school," she said. That was the moment I learned to fear authority. In the eleventh grade I got expelled for having "no respect for authority." After doing my punishment I returned, focused on my studies, and graduated. Rage drove me to show those S.O.B.'s they couldn't defeat me.

The Christian Brothers who taught me in college tried to convert me to a thinking man, but I chose to memorize, role play, and do whatever was required to survive. Plato might have called my act sophistry; Marines call it bullshit.

I began my Marine Corps career immediately after college. I was sick of school, and liberal arts hadn't prepared me for a job. I wanted recognition, and I liked posing as a tough guy. Besides, if I could obey for twenty years and survive, I'd get a pension. I managed to survive and retire by the thinnest of margins. The corps is a stern mistress, intolerant of rebels who ask too many questions.

Ten years after leaving the corps, I turned to the church for help in facing my most important battle. I was self-destructing. Divorce and having to walk the streets looking for a job pushed me to despair. I hadn't quit the church completely, but I needed to do more than just keep my toe in the door.

The primary push for turning to the church was my mother's last command: "Hold on to your religion, boy. Hold on!" She had been blind for twenty years with nothing much more to hold on to than her rosary beads, yet on the night before she died she chained me to her faith with a death-bed command. Good Irish boys pay hell escaping their mother's clutches in life, but mine extended the contract. Another prod came from my love for Pope John XXIII and from hope that some of the changes from Vatican II would help me. My nagging memory of the Danang morgue seemed to be telling me I was angry about death, which to me was synonymous with hell. Since I learned to fear hell in church, church seemed to be the best place to resolve the fear. So off I went, but not for a pop-in at Sunday Mass. I had a plan.

First, I admitted the inadequacy of using experience as my only teacher. That meant study, which I began by reading Catholic periodicals, *Christian Century* and the *Bulletin of the Park Ridge*

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Center. Second, I had to overcome my habit of blind obedience and learn how to discern whom and what to believe. Third, I had to learn how to ask questions without sounding belligerent, which was one of the toughest disciplines I've ever tackled. Fourth, I decided to nail down my thoughts by writing letters to myself. I can't be sure of what I think until I write it down. Most important, I had to start praying. I hoped prayer would get me out of my skin and into my soul where the battle raged. Memorized prayers from school days didn't work, so I started saying "Jesus mercy" to help control my erratic temper.

I reached the first landmark on my journey back to faith by uncorking several memories connected with my Vietnam experience. Several memories connected to my day at the Danang morgue illustrate the anxiety about which I write.

My first job after coming home from 'Nam involved duty as a Casualty Notification Officer. I should have been called a death teller, but that wouldn't fly in an organization that preferred to call dead Marines casualties rather than corpses. This new job required telling families their sons were dead and conducting military funerals.

I died a little each time I helped put a casket in the ground. At my final military funeral, after returning the last salute, I fled behind a tree and cried. My tears were not for a lad who had been blown to smithereens, nor were they for his parents. Rather, I cried from the pain of having to represent organizational values I damn well didn't believe. Vietnam wasn't worth the death of one boy, Vietnamese or American. All wars are evil, and when I remembered the P.X.s where Tampax and stereos sold as fast as the shelves could be stocked, I trembled at the duplicity war requires. Tampax and stereos in a war zone? And I felt guilty because my rear-echelon job in 'Nam didn't subject me to much danger, just a few rocket attacks. Truly, I felt I had been living a lie through all those graveyard ceremonies. This roused another memory.

Before I went to 'Nam, I recruited Marine Corps officers, three of whom came home in metal boxes. One unconventional ritual I performed before swearing in the lads I recruited was to tell them they faced mutilation or death in Vietnam and invite them not to take the oath and leave in peace. Only one of the hundred or so I recruited declined. Sophistry? Certainly, but I didn't do it to hook recruits as much as to wash their blood from my hands.

Writing about these memories showed me how disturbed I had become from trying (and wanting) to be someone I wasn't and how my need for security restrained me from looking for alternatives. No one could have convinced me to quit the Marines twenty-five years ago because I hadn't suffered enough to understand my life was meaningless. On the redemptive side, I saw my life hadn't been a total waste. My own fear of death, even though I wasn't able to admit it at the time, helped me feel how people suffered when I brought death to their door and to understand how suffering can be ameliorated when people share it. Being a death teller called up compassion I didn't know I had.

As my thoughts about suffering developed, another person's suffering relieved me of my antagonism against the church. Appropriately, the relief came at Sunday Mass. The subject was Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen.

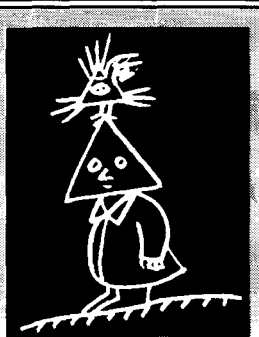
After discussing in his homily the facts of Bishop Hunthausen's disgrace, my pastor bowed his head and said: "Indeed, I'd like my church to be a glimmering tower atop the highest hill. I want it to be a beacon to all who yearn for Christ's love. In a word, I want my church to be perfect! But how can I expect perfection from a church that embraces an imperfect man like me?"

What a lesson! One of the excuses I had mouthed to justify shunning the church was anger at sermons about the magisterium, church rules, and Sunday collections. I didn't need to be told I was a sinner as much as I needed to be shown a way out of sin. I needed a personal connection to the body of Christ rather than an obedient connection to the organization. I needed more than us/them, higher life/lower life theology.

All these concerns were washed away in one act of priestly leadership. My pastor's pain became my pain, and we became brothers in Christ. If he could accede to church authority, even when it seemed so unkind, so organizational, I could also try. But that meant taking a stab at humility. I'm squeamish about humility because talking about having it seems to strike against the fact of it, and also because humility isn't easy.

But the humility I speak of doesn't mean cringing before authoritarians. It means having the courage to think, the patience to discern, and the fortitude to speak out when men like Raymond Hunthausen get pilloried or when Catholic leaders consign people to hell over the airwaves. Humility means locating oneself in the governing reality of the Christian life, which is suffering. Raymond Hunthausen's suffering, for example.

These reminiscences explain how I've found some of the security I've always yearned for, and I confess much of what I've found is rooted in an aspect of faith I'm only starting to comprehend. It's called community. Community challenges me to break out of my territorial bubble and touch someone. More and more I see the handshaking I was so reluctant to do when it started after Vatican II give way to hugging. More and more I see people getting involved with each other. Once when I was



In 1987, Commonweal published a series of articles by lay people who described their personal experience of faith in the work place. We received such positive response to the series that we have decided to continue it. We asked each individual: How is your Catholic faith manifest in your daily life and work? How has faith shaped your choices: vocational, financial, ethical; and vice versa? Where do you find spiritual strength and guidance?

Our eighth installment in the series is by Martin Young, a free-lance journalist and staff writer at the Saint Agnes Medical Center in Fresno, California.

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sick, several parishioners called to find out how I was doing. I had a hard time welcoming their affection because I have yet to learn how to accept love. I'm not so hot at giving it either, but knowing the problem exists is part of the cure.

My spiritual community helps me feel connected to the human side of our faith, to men and women who stand in witness to a greater truth than any of us could arrive at independently. I got an inkling of these meanings at the Easter Vigil.

All my concerns about qualifying as a Catholic paled in light of the awesome solemnity of our ancient rituals. Christ called, and his message was between the words and symbols. The way the church lighted up as we touched our candles to the Pascal fire, the beauty of the vestments, the fragrance of the incense, Scripture read by lectors who had prepared to perfection, the imploring prayers in Latin, (*Sursum corda! Habemus ad dominum!*), the *Exultet* sung so fervently, and, amazingly, the congregation responding as if Latin was still the official language. (A little holy nostalgia is good for the soul.) And the Eucharist. Who can explain the Eucharist? All I can say is that it promises me I shall become innocent again, which, for me, is a glimpse of heaven.

But how do these ruminations relate to the concerns that provoked this essay, the integralists and my fear of death and hell? As to the integralists, I'm seeking a middle ground. Richard A. McCormick, S.J.'s essay "Abortion: The Unexplored Middle Ground" (*Second Opinion*, March 1989), strikes me as the kind of thinking that's required to meet the tests of our times. I pray today's integralists will help me progress toward God, and that it will be through the art of gentle listening and conversation.

As to my fear of death, I accept it. I hope death won't hurt too much. But if it does, I believe I'll be given what it takes to cope. As to hell, I've put that aside because I'm tired of being afraid of a vengeful God. Instead, I struggle to become gentle. And to discern the difference between what I want and what God wants for me, I follow the program I set for myself when I returned to the church. Study, dialogue, writing, and praying. I own shares in the Catholic church, and I don't intend to forfeit them for the "warm fuzzies" that come with self-indulgence or the righteously blind obedience of authoritarians. My life instructs me to worry about what Christ wants rather than what the professionals who write universal catechisms want.

My concerns about the organized church pale, however, when I reflect on how far I've journeyed on the free ticket provided by my parents' love. In sum, my life tells me how foolish it is to worship the false God of security. After all, from the moment we are born, we begin to die. For me, Christ calls me to change my behavior for the greater glory of God, and just being of a mind to try seems like a miracle. A line from "Amazing Grace"—"Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, 'twas grace my fear relieved"—suggests how the miracle might have happened.

My mother put the fear of God in me when she spanked me for getting into trouble on the third day of the first grade. Yet, after I'd lived long enough to understand that was her intent, she freed me to find my way out of fear with her death-bed command: "Hold on to your religion, boy. Hold on!" Really, that wasn't a command. It was her last prayer for me, and I am convinced God answered her by bringing me home to the Eucharist.

ART

BANALITIES OF FASHION

MODERN ART & POPULAR CULTURE

Rarely has whimsicality had a profounder heart than in Joan Miró's 1926 painting, *Dog Barking at the Moon*. The work, displayed near the end of the "High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (which ended January 13 and is now moving on to Chicago and Los Angeles) is one of the purest examples of the aesthetic leap toward transcendence so characteristic of the time. A dog and a ladder appear on a limitless, dark-brown terrain, against a pitch-black sky of equally infinite depth. The ladder soars upward, toward a white patch held aloft by a bright red squiggle. A palette-shaped object, bearing the dog's strange assortment of colors, is passing before a half moon. The moon itself—mother of dreams—has sprouted a third tip with a bright red ball at the end, like the fruit of subconscious desire. As for the weird beast, it could very well be sporting a cap—incongruously and eccentrically human—whose dark green appears vaguely along the upper right side of the ladder before fading into the tranquil oblivion above. Art, dreams, desire, the Faustian yet workmanlike ladder (the Latin *transcendere* means, literally, "to climb over")—all are placed over the earthy reddish brown and ethereal black of life and death. The painting's crowning touch is its invitation to share a hallucination, to imagine a bark from an improbable looking pooch in an incredible landscape, a creature whose mouth, if it has one, isn't even open. To hear that in your mind's ear is like scaling the ladder into the painting itself.

The upheaval of conventional perceptions and the embodiment of an invisible realm were central aims of surrealists like Miró (1893-1983). Other movements of the day—cubism, suprematism, neoplasticism, even some currents in Dadaism—also sought, in their different ways, a transcendent dimension. Indeed, with the triumph of materialism and technology, the imagination became no longer the agent but the keeper of the sacred. Modernism was, in the main, the spiritual antidote to modernity. The two contrary trends sometimes exposed and released each other's energies; but by the end of World War II, the hydra-headed condition modernity was moving relentlessly forward, and Modernism, one of its heads, had started its gradual tumble into parody and farce.

Liberal, industrialized societies after the war slowly drew closer to the modernist notion of art as the liberation of an imagination under siege. Yet it was a notion increasingly assimilated to the iconoclastic values of a commercial culture. By the 1960s, art had become a vague pragmatic concept, synonymous with the most potent dream a consumerist society dangles before the radical (though more fragile than rugged) individuals it fabricates and takes aim at: the dream of endlessly exercising your power

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to instantly gratify yourself and of dispensing with society altogether. Since the sixties, that society, in America, has sanctioned an economy as subversive of rationality and order as the most lunatic Dada escapades ever were. Ivan Boesky and Michael Milken are contemporary America's versions of Tristan Tzara and Marcel Duchamp—*sans génie et sans esprit*. In such a social situation, being poor is aesthetically reactionary and *unfashionable* (so talk about social justice makes some people feel embarrassed and out of touch).

There is a more familiar turn in the career of art in a business culture: money smiles on art's new status and gives it the kiss of death. I can imagine a contemporary remake of *Citizen Kane* with the unhappy tycoon whispering in the final seconds, "van Gogh, van Gogh." But if art was busy contending over the last decade with auction blocks and investment portfolios, America has had something to take its place. It is a hybrid phenomenon, a cross between pretensions to art's universalizing tendencies and commercialism's bottom line, a community of reassuring caricatures in a nation without a sense of community, a generic public fantasy administered to a stifled collective imagination. It goes by the name of American popular, or mass culture; its electric whirl is king, and very little is innocent, spontaneous, or "of the people" about it.

The curators of "High and Low"—Kirk Varnedoe, the new director of painting and sculpture at MOMA, and Adam Gopnik, staff writer and art critic for the *New Yorker*—don't seem to want to acknowledge a time when their culture's peculiar conditions didn't prevail. They have divided the exhibition into five sections: Advertising, Graffiti, Caricature, Comics (where you will find *Dog Barking at the Moon*), and Contemporary Reflections. The show's objective is to demonstrate the "dialogue between modern art and popular culture." Of course such a mild claim is perfectly bland from the art-historical point of view. To declare that popular culture has had an effect on modern art is about as revealing as suggesting that Christianity influenced the art of the Middle Ages. Scholars and critics have been exploring the topic for years. Meyer Schapiro wrote his groundbreaking essay, "Courbet and Popular Imagery," in 1941. During the past decade, though, the antiquated categories "high" and "low" roused a quarrel among intellectual factions in America, running parallel to the controversy over what should and shouldn't be included in the "canon" that gets taught in college humanities courses.

And why not quarrel? In a country where the Left ritualistically applauds a mass culture created by an economic system it condemns, and the Right reflexively condemns a mass culture created by an economic system it applauds, where the wealthy are so "high" as to be almost out of sight and the poor so "low" as to be frequently underground—in such intractable seeming social and economic confusion cultural issues make for safe symbolic battlegrounds. That's not to say "High and Low" doesn't have an original contribution to offer to the way we look at modern art. What is new and original—and disappointing—is how Varnedoe and Gopnik have taken the powerful influence mass culture exerts on contemporary American life and cast that influence backward, indiscriminately, into the Modernist adventure. It's as if they saw some Mondrian scarves in Bloomingdale's

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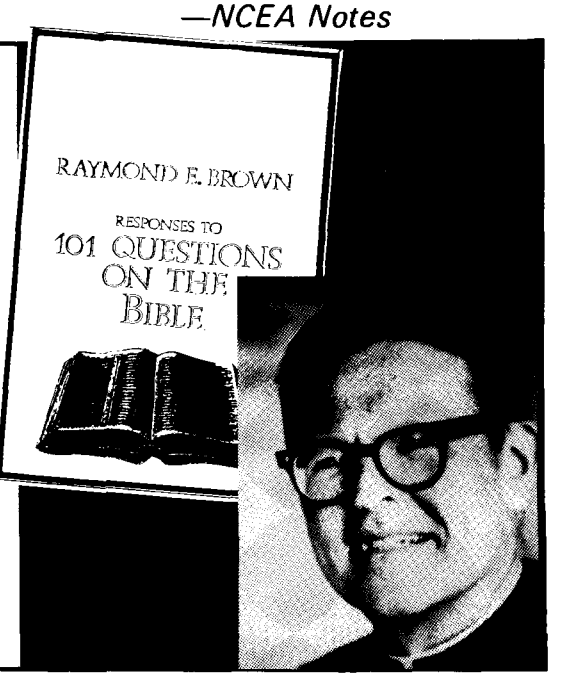

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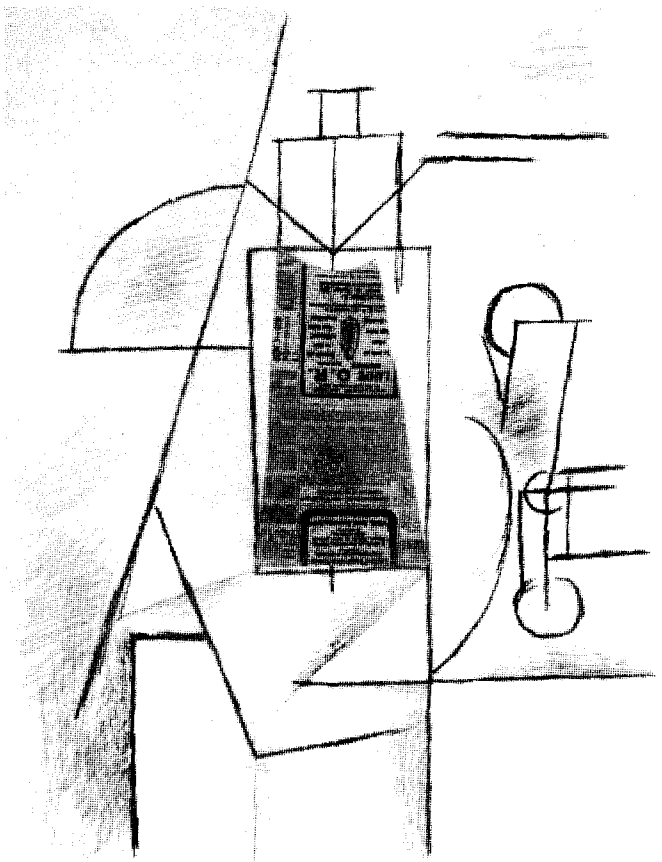

and examined the copies of Magritte's paintings when they hung in the windows of an exclusive Madison Avenue clothing store, and experienced a momentous change in their conception of modern art.

The show's remarkable near-sightedness greets you at the entrance. There you find an imitation kiosk from turn-of-the-century Paris, bedecked with reproduced French newspapers of the day. As you pass into the exhibition space itself you encounter a wall plastered over with similar papers. Presumably the intention is to simulate the expanding journalistic universe that surrounded the cubists and incited them in their *papiers collés* (collages and paintings with letters). The result is rather to overwhelm the art with the very element it incorporated only to overcome, and that effect sets the tone for the rest of the show. What happens to Picasso's *Bottle and Glass* (1912), hung as it is on a short wall extending perpendicularly from the much larger display, is a typical example. A charcoal and pencil drawing on paper, the work consists of the mysteriously tentative shapes and sharp angles combined with words and other media that belong to this phase of cubism. The only recognizable object is the bottle, placed in the center of the drawing, on which a newspaper clipping has been pasted upside-down. If you turn your head you can make out the advertisement for a pill that allegedly cures every sort of ailment and an article reporting a vagabond's arrest on murder charges. Yet, in turning your head, you reverse the world, a prank Picasso no doubt relished devising. The plain journalistic facts become obscure, almost nonsensical in their superficiality; art is now the pill that cures you of appearance's mundane fever; the artist making you dizzy is a vagabond who threatens your probably respectable existence. The hard chaotic surface of the newspaper world disappears into the higher melee of Picasso's playful purposes. The way "High and Low" presents *Bottle and Glass*, however, you get the impression that using newspapers was more important to Picasso than what he did with them. It's a kind of hip pedantry.

Who would deny, without having a partisan interest, that art mines its pleasures from the unruly ridges of the everyday? A possible reason why the curators nearly knock themselves senseless while insisting so (the well-written catalog is a witty and exhaustive amplification of the show's misguided premises) might be that they're overreacting to an academic formalism's lingering influence. For "High and Low's" conventional account of modern art's "high" refinements is just as surprising as its pointless reductivism. The wall texts in the Advertising section —the exhibition's largest segment— keep emphasizing the "private language" the cubists used, the "nonsense" they indulged in, as if the opposition between "high" and "low" was necessarily one between the esoteric and the accessible. To be sure, obscurity was a hallmark of Modernist style, but a central Modernist paradox was that the avant-garde withdrawal into the arcane was partly a revolt against mass democracy's platitudes and vulgarity and partly a further step in the Romantic affirmation of the imagination's superiority over class origins. Parisians of that time didn't need an art historian to explain that the cubists' incessant use of the word "*jou*," snipped off from the newspaper title *Le Journal*, referred to the verbs for "to play" and "to enjoy an orgasm." The slyly broken meanings of cubist words often led to the perceptual revelations behind slyly broken forms. Modernist barrier-breaking could be democratic in its effects, even if the artists' politics frequently weren't. One of the exhibition's main flaws is that it never addresses, or even hints at, the political contradictions involved in the Modernist relationship between "high" and "low" art.

The show's truncated perspective doesn't allow for much besides plenty of procrustean connections and more than a few outright distortions—at least up to the section on Pop Art, where the fact, hardly worth observing, that artists like Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein borrowed images from mass culture is indeed more significant than how they used them. But even putting aside all this knowing vaudeville (like taking the mustache *off* Duchamp's Mona Lisa), "High and Low" fails on its own terms. No helpful definition of what the curators mean by "popular culture" ever emerges, nor does a distinction among popular cultures of different periods. Caricature, comics, and graffiti are undeniably forms of "low" culture—never mind that for the most part the show falls short of drawing the promised connections between them and "high" art. But why does the exhibition include advertising as a category of popular culture, when there is nothing spontaneously expressive—or popular—about the cynical and highly sophisiticated manipulation of "low" wants and needs? And why are forks and knives, shown as the models for some of Miró's biomorphic shapes, also considered products of popular culture rather than part of the stock of functional reality? If kitchen utensils get a berth in "low" culture, should

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dishwashers be promoted to "high"? It might be difficult to define exactly what popular culture is, but the curators should have tried harder to clarify what it isn't.

"Graffiti," because of its contemporary resonance, stirs the keenest expectations. But while the exhibition makes a big fuss over Jean Dubuffet's *art brut*—you would never know that the graffiti Dubuffet saw on Parisian walls in the 1940s and 1950s played a relatively minor role in the evolution of his raw, shattering style, which was shaped mainly by the art of primitives, children, and the insane—the work of a genuine graffiti artist like the American, Jean-Michel Basquiat, is strangely absent. The catalogue tersely dismisses Basquiat, who died of fame at a young age, as a *poseur* with an inflated reputation. That may have been so, but even worse, he is out of fashion. The three contemporary figures represented in the show's final section—Jeff Koons, Elizabeth Murray, and Jenny Holzer—also have inflated reputations, as well as a flair for self-promotion, but they are very fashionable, and "High and Low" gives their work a prominent place despite the fact that it has little to do with the exhibition's themes.

Fashion was what this show was supposed to be all about. Varnedoe and Gopnik conceived "High and Low" several years ago when intellectual fads like semiotics and deconstruction, with their zany somersaults through popular culture, were all the rage in the universities and the hipper art magazines. Those trends, having become disreputable in Paris, their place of origin, are starting to wane somewhat here. Yet their pseudo-leftism, still very much in vogue in certain academic and cultural quarters, inspired the exhibition's reductive framework. Scholars and intellectuals on the old Left, like Meyer Schapiro, were humanists who laid bare social, political, and cultural conditions out of the belief that individuals could rise above their circumstantial givens. However, for the stylishly avant-garde thinking that tepidly informs "High and Low," tha aim is often to exalt the concrete givens over the individual. So if you happen to be the proverbial young person hungry for the means to a larger existence, and you are looking for a reality above commercialism's rising bilge and the mass media's intrusive distortions, the curators of "High and Low" have bad news for you. The news is that behind that ladder, moon, and barking dog is nothing really, just your own finite little self, bobbing around in commercialism's rising bilge and the mass media's intrusive distortions. Now it's hardly worth the museum's admission price to be told that.

The exhibition will be at the Art Institute of Chicago, February 20-May 12, and will conclude at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, June 21-September 15. LEE SIEGEL

Lee Siegel, a frequent contributor to Commonweal, *is a freelance writer. He lives in New York.*

STAGE

PARTIALLY OBSERVED

JACK & JOY IN SHADOWLAND

With the placid insularity that marks so much of his writing about the theater, Sheridan Morley (*Playbill*, November 1990) asked Nigel Hawthorne, who plays C.S. Lewis in *Shadowlands*, whether or not American unfamiliarity with Lewis's work would matter when the William Nicholson play came to Broadway from its successful run in London. I am rather under the impression that Lewis fans (and detractors) are almost as ubiquitous here as they are in England, but Hawthorne, accepting Morley's question at face value, answered, "Hardly at all; this play works as a love story."

The play is studded with nuggets of Lewis. The title comes from Lewis's word for this world, so insubstantial compared to the real life he sees beyond, as the opening monologue indicates; and his juvenile books (particularly *The Chronicles of Narnia*) figure in the fantasy (metaphorical?) scenes involving young Douglas Gresham. Yet, it is a love story. Lewis, for all his international reputation as scholar and Christian apologist, is a gruffly shy bachelor, an Oxford don who finds, to his surprise, that he is fascinated by an admirer who forces herself on him. Joy Davidman is an American, a former Communist, a Jew converted to Christianity presumably by Lewis's writings, a poet (we get one sample), a wife (Mrs. Gresham), and a mother. She comes with her son Douglas to take tea with Lewis in Oxford and is invited to spend Christmas with him and Warnie, his brother. Later—after her divorce—she moves to Oxford, becomes a good friend and finally a wife to Lewis, who marries her so that she can establish English residence. The marriage of convenience turns to love when Joy develops bone cancer and Jack (as C.S. Lewis was called) realizes how much she means to him. They have a brief, idyllic time together and then Lewis is forced to deal with his grief at her loss.

A rather unusual love story, then, the play—despite Hawthorne and the advertisements—is really about grief, pain, and Christian faith. At least, it toys with those ideas. When we first meet Lewis, he is lecturing on the importance of pain and suffering as God's tools for creating men as believers. Although the language is vivid in the Lewis fashion, the lecture is based on ideas, not feelings. What the play offers is the trying of an intellectual, the introduction of real pain (not Joy's, but Jack's) as a testing device—his abstract lecture made flesh. In *A Grief Observed*, the little book published under the pseudonym N.W. Clerk, Lewis writes of his reaction to Joy's death, the anger and self-pity that he finally overcomes. "The notes have been about myself, H. [Joy], and about God. In that order. The order and the proportions exactly what they ought not to have been."

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There is a scene at the high table in which the conventional sympathy of his colleagues sets Jack off in an angry diatribe—the anger more apparent to me than the exact words were audible—which seems to have come from *A Grief Observed*—God as "the Comic Sadist and Eternal Vivisector." Near the end of *Observed*, Lewis describes a sense of Joy's presence: "Just the impression of her mind momentarily facing my own. Mind, not 'soul' as we tend to think of soul." The event, completely free of the maudlin trappings of comforting presences, is the trigger that lets Lewis accept his grief. This scene is necessary to the movement of the play, but it is impossible to put on stage without sentimentality. Lewis sits down next to an empty chair, reaches across to the arm of it, and cups Joy's invisible hand. Lights fade.

It is, of course, not Lewis but Nigel Hawthorne—the actor not the character—who cups the hand. The scene in its quiet theatricality is symptomatic of the weakness of the play as a whole. Hawthorne's performance is wonderfully detailed in its donnish idiosyncrasy and Jane Alexander's Joy is an attractive figure of likable aggression, but my admiration for them as performers is never transformed into an acceptance of Jack and Joy as other than stage figures. This artificiality is underlined by the fact that all Jack's colleagues are caricatures (perhaps all English dons are, but they should not seem so on-stage) and by the play's origin as a television drama. I have been told by trustworthy friends that *Shadowlands* was very effective on television, but the brief scenes which may have worked well there come across here as isolated, single-point scenes. When Joy puts down a condescending professor who says that women do not have souls, she follows her squelching remark ("I need a little guidance here: are you being offensive, or merely stupid?") with the pantomime of blowing smoke out of the barrel of a six-shooter. One up for the American barbarian, but the scene has little more substance than that gag.

Doubts about the play as play are complicated in my case by extratheatrical considerations. As soon as a playwright starts to deal with historical figures—particularly recent ones—I find myself worrying about what has been left out. We know that Nicholson cut out one of Joy Davidman's sons, as a note in the *New York Times* (November 30, 1990) indicates, because David Gresham did not wish to be portrayed. And what about the missing Mr. Gresham? He is dismissed in a single sentence as an abusive alcoholic and a writer who does not write. At some point, it occurred to me that Joy was talking about William Lindsay Gresham, whose *Nightmare Alley* (1946) so fascinated me in the late 1940s. He may have been a drunk (*Nightmare Alley* suggests more than a casual knowledge of alcoholism) and he may have been abusive, but he was still a writer in the early 1950s when *Monster Midway* (1953) appeared. In *Twentieth Century Authors, First Supplement*, the usual autobiography was augmented in Gresham's case by an account of his life written by Joy Davidman, an affectionate portrait of a fascinating man—pulp writer, a Spanish Civil War veteran, a spiritual seeker; he describes himself as "now an Emersonian free-lance, still trying to find out God's will for me." At one point in *Shadowlands*, Douglas asks Jack if he is a magician; Lewis answers no. Ironically, the carnival-loving Gresham was a magician, but his was stage magic, not the Narnia-style magic that Douglas wants. I cannot help feeling that Gresham is the victim of someone else's sleight of hand in *Shadowlands*. By the time the *Twentieth Century Authors* statement appeared in 1955, Davidman must have been in England (she and Lewis were married in 1956), and the attractive man she describes has been transformed into an ugly impediment to the marriage of true minds. Joy died in 1960; Lewis, in 1963. Gresham died in 1962, a suicide. It was perverse of me to sit in the Brooks Atkinson Theatre and wish that *Shadowlands* were *The Gresham Story*. That *Shadowlands* left holes in my attention for Gresham to fill suggests that it is little more than an amiable exercise in the potentially dangerous territory where love, grief, and God meet.

GERALD WEALES

SCREEN

SHARP EDGES

'THE BRIDGES' & 'SCISSORHANDS'

A conflation of the two Evan S. Connell novels, *Mrs. Bridge* and *Mr. Bridge*, the new Paul Newman-Joanne Woodward film has been titled, logically enough, *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*. But the moviemakers might just as well have titled their project *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

He is a workaholic Kansas City lawyer who loves his wife and children deeply but never lets the word "love" pass his lips. His office is both his batttlefield and his real habitat, with his home serving only as a sort of nightly bivouac. She is a clubwoman, a Sunday painter, an auditor of self-improvement lectures, a homemaker whose maid runs the household, a mother watching her children grow into strangers.

The greater part of both novels takes place during the 1930s. *Mr. Bridge* (1969) is not a sequel to *Mrs. Bridge* (1959) but a sort of literary spouse of the earlier book: it presents many of the same events from his point of view. All the conventions of the time, social and moral, are embraced by the Bridges, by him with a quiet, defensive ferocity, by her with a troubled conviction that she must do as he does. We read a few pages of either book and may think, "How typical. How familiar." Well, as typical and familiar as an episode of "Father Knows Best" rewritten by Edward Albee. Connell's writing is plain, cool, seemingly nonjudgmental. Many pages are comic; some are touching, even "heart-warming." Yet Connell finally planted this image in my mind: a family seated around a campfire, themselves encircled by darkness, the darkness alive with monsters, the wife and children alternately shaken and attracted by the howls of those monsters, and the father staring and smiling into the fire, steadfastly unheeding, determinedly deaf. And not one of the family is able to tell any of the others about the sounds coming out of the darkness.

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Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script for the movie is a triumph of selectivity and narrative cunning. Jhabvala repositions, elides, blends, adds, and telescopes with such skill that *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*, while retaining the reflective, ironic texture of the books, acquires forward motion as well.

For instance, Connell illustrates Mr. Bridge's pecuniary exactitude (easy to mistake as miserliness) with an entire chapter's account of the lawyer thwarting a waiter's attempt to pocket an inordinate tip. But Jhabvala inserts this incident into a later, larger, more emotional scene in which Bridge's secretary tries to express the longing she has secretly harbored for her boss through twenty-odd years of service. In the middle of the woman's attempt at self-revelation, Bridge takes a moment to deal with the waiter. Later, outside the restaurant, the rebuffed woman accuses Bridge of being as emotionally obtuse as he is professionally and financially alert. The preceding fuss over the tip has certified the accusation in advance. This is true dramaturgical economy.

Yet I have one reservation about Jhabvala's work. Viewers who haven't read the books may assume that the interior lives of the Bridges are as fully conventional as their daily routines. This isn't quite the case. I don't blame the adaptor for having to trim, but her abridgments have eliminated too much of the book's turbulence. Connell's writing is lucid and calm but he also probes Dionysian depths. Jhabvala's temperament (which I know only from her scripts, not from her celebrated fiction) seems stricly Apollonian. Therefore, she can cope only with certain aspects of Connell's work.

James Ivory's direction is both fluent and layered, richly atmospheric yet unmannered. He knows just when to accentuate period detail and when to cut to the quick of an encounter. Sometimes he nudges the viewer a little too hard, as when he positions a woman praising psychoanalysis as "a voyage of self-discovery" in front of a case holding pre-Columbian Indian masks. But he repeatedly demonstrates his nifty way with actors, as in the moment when the rain-soaked Bridge holds his umbrella over his hysterical secretary as she stoops to retrieve her fallen purse while never pausing in her denunciation of his callousness. (And then she walks off with the umbrella!)

The performances of Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward deserve a whole essay rather than just passing praise. Here Newman doesn't wear the phony paunch he used in his last few movies to disguise his unquenchable vigor. He doesn't have to because he understands that Walter Bridge is one of those men who become more boyish (and more vulnerable) as they age, who snort like indignant adolescents when confronted by absurdities, who look like crestfallen children when betrayed by their own children. Gail Garnett, the actress who plays Mrs. Bridge's friend Mabel Long, has shrewdly remarked of Newman's performance, "Newman has thinned himself, inside and out." But Newman has thickened his speech for the role, as if a lifetime of reticences had finally caught up with Mr. Bridge, the champion and victim of self-denial.

After a decade-and-a-half of annoyingly sere performances, Joanne Woodward blooms again, fully bringing out the sweetness and inadequacy of Mrs. Bridge's nature. Her tear-blurred cry, "But she was my friend!" while trying to communicate her grief over a suicide to her uncomprehending husband is immensely touching and brings the film to its emotional climax.

Edward Scissorhands reveals Tim Burton unchained —except for a shackle or two the film director may have forged for himself. This fantasy about a synthetic waif left unfinished by the death of his kindly mad-scientist creator comes closer than any other film I have seen recently to being serenely *sui generis*. Elements of fairy tale, social satire, youth market exploitation film, and horror movie aren't kept discrete but are blended or overlapped with such fluidity that you're never jolted out of the trance into which Burton has lured you.

In a sense, *Edward* is the movie Burton should have made, almost made, when he filmed *Batman*. (*Pee Wee's Big Adventure* was a campy curtain raiser.) Burton flirted with the concept of Batman as a vigilante besotted with his own loneliness and prone to paranoia. But, unlike the creators of the feverish comic book, *The Dark Knight Returns*, Burton shied away from portraying the misanthropic side of his hero and allowed the Joker to take over the film. But Edward, maniacally snipping with his metallic digitals to turn suburban hedges into magnificent topiary, but later ripping the wallpaper of his benefactor's home because the daughter of the house can't return his love, is a poignant emblem of the artist whose gift is his curse, whose special skill both benfits ordinary people and arouses their suspicions. Are the shears that both create and wound too obvious a symbol? No more so than the ugly duckling. *Edward Scissorhands* is, finally, a very sweet fairy tale.

And, like any good fairy-tale teller, Burton draws everything to scale. If Edward is a toy-like reduction of the artist, then the suburbia that first embraces, then rejects him must also be toy-like. Burton sweeps his camera over perfect lawns and pastel ranchhouses, lighting them in the superbright, shadowless manner of fifties' television advertising. And, as suburbia at its best, Dianne Wiest wonderfully embodies the ultimate Avon Lady, administering make-up as if it were a magic ointment, reciting her sales pitch with the reverence due holy writ, as honored by her telephonic interview with the Avon president ("she started the same way I did, selling from door to door!") as a parish priest accorded an audience with the pope.

But, in representing the middle class at its worst, Burton skids. Edward's rival in love is a punk who first taunts the mannequin, then lures him into crime, and finally tries to kill him. You can accept this figure up to a point as a version of the man of middle sensuality infuriated by the artist's strangeness. But, by the time the punk, armed with a gun and crowbar, pursues Edward through the darkness of a gothic mansion, you may sense that Burton is slipping. In fact, slipping back to *Batman*. (The movie recovers beautifully in the last few minutes.) Burton may be an artist but he is an artist determined that *Edward* won't be his last assignment. By turning a jealous kid into a Teenage Psycho from Hell, he seems to be trying to give the kids in the audience the violent charge he thinks they demand. I think he underrates the kids. I know he shortchanges himself. RICHARD ALLEVA

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The fall of the ironic curtain

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS

We are in danger of losing a treasure; these fascinating books provide a detailed map for its recovery. This treasure is an understanding of what happened in Eastern Europe during its long isolation behind the Iron Curtain, particularly what happened that made possible the seemingly miraculous events of 1989. That was the year when passive acquiescence in discredited regimes changed to vigorous resistance; when fear gave away to solidarity; when whole peoples rose up, simply and finally saying, "Enough." This triumph of the human spirit—embodied in events at last worthy of that tarnished phrase—should be not only celebrated but studied; it is a story with much to teach those of us who only witnessed it from afar.

One reason the story is slipping away is the quotidian character of so much that is happening now, as Eastern Europe turns to the push and pull of "normal" politics and to the struggle for stable societies and productive economies. Another is that for decades the U.S. media gave us a superficial view of life behind the Iron Curtain, focused on the long grocery lines and the shortage of consumer goods. But it was more than efficient supermarkets and worldly goods that the citizens of Eastern Europe yearned for. What these books chronicle is a search for human dignity and integrity. By the 1970s and '80s the pervasive terror of Stalinism had been replaced by regimes of petty corruption and humiliation, tolerated out of hopelessness. Some called this "post-totalitarianism" or "normal totalitarianism." Vaclav Havel, who will receive special attention at the close of this essay, came to call it "living a lie."

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS *is the editor of* Commonweal.

The upheavals of 1989 were preceded by a long period in which people grappled with this sense of hopelessness and their own responsibility for their condition. Some were called "dissidents" in the West, but as many of these books show, the term should not be limited to core groups of conspirators that served as beacons in their respective nations. "Dissidents" included thousands and finally millions of people subtly resisting "normal totalitarianism" by searching for an answer to Havel's question: "Whether or not [in this system] it is possible to live like a human being?" From this search developed a new self-understanding and sense of communal solidarity. And out of these grew parallel systems of thought, parallel institutions, parallel notions of civic life—parallel to those of the official "real world" of post-totalitarian society. These parallel forms flourished above all in Poland and Czechoslovakia, even under harsh and dangerous conditions.

Books Discussed in this Essay

Living in Truth, *Vaclav Havel, tr. Paul Wilson, Erazim Kohak, et. al., Faber & Faber, $8.95, 315 pp.*

Letters to Olga, *Vaclav Havel, tr. Paul Wilson, Henry Holt, $16.95, 397 pp.*

Distributing the Peace: A Conversation with Karel Hvizdala, *Vaclav Havel, tr. Paul Wilson, Alfred A. Knopf, $19.95, 228 pp.*

Konspira: Solidarity Underground, *tr. Jane Cave, Maciej Topinski, Marcin Moskit, Mariusz Wilk, California, $24.95, 281 pp.*

Beyond Glasnost: The Post-Totalitarian Mind, *Jeffrey G. Goldfarb, Chicago, $24.95, 248 pp.*

A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator: The Prague Chronicles of Ludvik Vaculik, *Ludvik Vaculik, Reader's International (London), $7.95, 125 pp.*

Breathing under Water and Other European Essays, *Stanislaw Baranczak, Harvard, $22.50, 258 pp.*

The Uses of Adversity: Essays on the Fate of Central Europe, *Timothy Garton Ash, Vintage, $12.95, 339 pp.*

The Magic Lantern: The Revolution of '89, *Timothy Garton Ash, Random House, $17.95, 156 pp.*

For example, the declaration of martial law in Poland (December 13, 1981) seemed to bring an end to Solidarity, the most powerful of the parallel institutions. But, as *Konspira* records, General Jaruzelski and the Polish military underestimated the readiness of people to go "underground," and the resources—duplicating machines, tape recorders, funds—that had been gathered and, in some measure, squirreled away for just this eventuality. The round-up and arrest of Solidarity leaders at the conclusion of a national meeting, though devastating at the time, finally failed to squelch the movement. Others stepped in: those who evaded arrest, dissidents not at the Warsaw meeting (yes, there were dissidents in Solidarity, too), a younger generation of militants.

Konspira, the clandestinely gathered account of these efforts to maintain Solidarity under martial law, is resistance literature at its best, personal accounts threaded together, capturing the fragmentary, accidental, serendipitous events and courageous actions that helped Solidarity to survive. Who was to be trusted—and when? What was it like to live underground, moving from apartment to apartment? What kind of politics could be managed in these circumstances?

As Jeffrey Goldfarb suggests in *Beyond Glasnost*, constant dissonance is a by-prod-

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uct of parallelism. If the official version is all-encompassing and yet flawed in unpredictable ways, what does the "unofficial" version draw on as a measure of truth? Rumor is rife, second-guessing a chronic mental condition. When language has been co-opted by a hegemonic bureaucracy in order to express the official version, how do people find the words to express another reality? *Beyond Glasnost* is an analysis from the "outside" by Goldfarb, an American sociologist, puzzled by the theoretical and actual state of confusion that "parallelism" provokes. Alternative language, alternative spaces, alternative traditions were the train tracks of the parallel culture and were to be found in Poland in the Catholic church and in the powerful memory of Polish history.

But these were not the only vehicles. The theater, for example, became a place to imagine how things might be otherwise. He describes a many-houred performance of "Retrospektywa," a theatrical event in which a mix of history, song fest, banquet, and political discussion allowed the audience to learn from and confront Poland's past and its politics. In his wide-ranging *Letters to Olga*, Vaclav Havel, playwright before he was president, says of the theater, "it has the greatest potential to be a social phenomenon in the true sense."

That potential is not always achieved, but when it is, he reminds us of how deeply theater, in its origins, is tied to ritual and meaning-making:

> The first embryonic appearance of genuine socialness happens the moment those participating in the theater cease to be a mere group of people and become a community... when a shared experience, mutually understood, evokes the wonderful elation that makes all the sacrifices worthwhile. It is a moment when a common participation in a particular adventure of the mind, the imagination, and the sense of humor, and common experience of truth or flash of insight into the "life in truth" suddenly establishes new relationships between the participants. Halfhearted coexistence suddenly blossoms into a feeling of mutual solidarity or brotherhood.... This electrifying atmosphere of "alliance" and "fellowship" is a central aspect of the "socialness" of the theater I am talking about.

Thus, Havel seems to provide the script for Czechoslovakia's greatest drama, the one that took place in Wenceslaus Square in November 1989, where the playwright

Vaclav Maly: The world of those below

A year ago, Vaclav Maly was one of the most public figures in Czechoslovakia. As a Catholic priest, Maly's political prominence was testimony to the spiritual dimension of the Czechoslovak revolution. Maly was the official spokesperson for the Civic Forum, the political movement dissident Czechs and Slovaks created on the eve of the Communist collapse and whose political posters exuberantly proclaimed, "*Gloria in Excelsis*." But today, in a country where secret police have become taxi drivers, window washers, journalists, and playwrights presidents, the forty-year-old revolutionary cleric has become an almost invisible parish priest. As religious and political expression flourish, a remarkable symbol of that freedom has seemingly disappeared.

Before I took a bike trip to Eastern Europe last summer, I had never heard of Vaclav Maly. But at a student-run theater in Prague called "Albatross," Maly was featured in several documentary films about the Velvet Revolution. He was described admiringly by the students as a "very, very kind man." When I asked where I might find him, they were unsure and directed me to the Civic Forum headquarters. But even his former comrades, members of the Civic Forum, regretted that they did not know how to contact him. I was determined that if I asked enough people at the Civic Forum headquarters, at the Albatross Theater, in bookstores, and on the street, I could meet Vaclav Maly. And finally, after befriending a Catholic sister and an elderly woman conversing on a Prague street corner, neither of whom spoke English but who well understood my request, I found Vaclav Maly.

In a working-class parish across the river from Prague's Old Town and up a hill, Maly is carrying on the daily and unnoticed work of real revolution in Sunday sermons, gospel reflection groups, and weekly discussion groups. I finally managed to talk to him, not at his parish church where the doors were locked, not at his home—off the parameters of my map—but in the hospital where he was confined with a broken arm. I was led there by Beatrix, the elderly woman I encountered on the street, clearly sent to me by my guardian angel.

Spending any time with Vaclav Maly makes it plainly clear that whether on the streets in 1989 or in the parish in 1991, his work is dominated by the same principle: A person of faith should be actively enaged in the world, particularly the world, as he says, "of those below." From this belief he has forged a human and democratic notion of politics—one that allows him to raise critical questions about the people's devotion to his friend, and president of the republic, Vaclav Havel.

When I was in Prague, Havel's face was plastered on posters all over the city, and he is, indeed, a compelling man. But this popularity is dangerous, Maly warns, because the people "incorporate all hopes in Havel." Formerly, under the Communists, "they followed orders, now they expect only orders. They aren't sure how to fill this open space, this vacuum." He cautions, "politics is not only the president and ministers, but in the widest sense of the word, politics is responsibility for public life."

Maly speaks from his own experience. He was among

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and the audience brought down the "wicked king."

The maintenance of a parallel culture was a matter of both high risk (the journalist-chroniclers of *Konspira* write of "losing people who were tailing us, making use of couriers and mail drops, hiding the tape recordings") and prosaic tasks like laboriously copying and circulating *samizdat* texts. Patrolling the border between the official and parallel cultures were the censors and the police. In the title essay of *A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator*, Ludvik Vaculik's choice of antagonist (or rather, his antagonist's choice of him) uses these not-so-grand inquisitors to explore the complex relations between the official and the parallel cultures that Golfarb in more academic language tries to sort through. The essay is a précis of Vaculik's interrogation by the mild-mannered Lieutenant-Colonel Noga, the man assigned to ferret out the connections among Czech dissidents who had joined Vaculik in creating the *samizdat* "Padlock Editions."

Vaculik: "Unless you have been through it yourself, you wouldn't believe how difficult it is to avoid replying to polite questions." Noga offers a cup of coffee, a bag of apples from his cottage—each gesture meant simultaneously to call upon Vaculik's Czech sense of civility, to cajole, to intimidate, and ultimately to bring Padlock Editions to a halt. Bit by bit the author parses the interrogation, unmasking the civility, questioning the kind gestures. He concludes his account with "Copy to Lieut.-Colonel Noga." The report of the interrogation has become another instance of antipolitics, another piece of alternative literature.

Stanislaw Baranczak's *Breathing Under Water* draws the point even more sharply in a review of *The Black Book of Polish Censorship*, the guidelines and reports of the Polish censor's office. "One of the most untamed of Polish writers, Stefan Kisiewlewski, made a habit in the seventies of writing his most important statements in a deliberately outrageous way, so that they would undoubtedly be censored and thus would make their way into the classified bulletins. This seemed to be the only way to tell at least the leaders of the country—assuming that they read those bulletins at all—that Poland was heading toward disaster." (The censor's guidelines include some gems: "Until the results of the elections are announced, no figures on the number of persons entitled to vote should be published." Or, "Information on direct threats to life or health caused by industry or chemical agents used in agri-

the group who worked with Havel in November 1989 in forming the Civic Forum and formulating its proposals for negotiations with the Communist government of Gustav Husak. Maly served as spokesman for the organizers of the demonstrations that filled Wenceslaus Square the week of November 17, and moderator of the discussions between the crowds, the government, and the Civic Forum. On November 24, Alexander Dubcek—president in 1968—returned after more than twenty years of exile, and called for the end of the Communist regime. The entire politburo along with President Husak resigned and Havel, playwright and dissident, became the interim president.

Long before those euphoric events in Wenceslaus Square, Vaclav Maly was part of the movement for democracy. As an eighteen-year-old in 1968, he was profoundly influenced by the events of Prague Spring. After his ordination in 1976, he became politically active; and in 1977 was one of the signers of "Charter 77," a call by Czech dissidents for government observance of human rights. He was also active in the Committee for Defense of the Unjustly Persecuted and the Independent Czech Helsinki Committee. His fellow priests discouraged his public activity. But, as he says, he saw working for a more dignified human order as part of his priestly task. "It is necessary to see the truth of the gospel in a social and political context. We live in concrete situations. Where one sees unjust persecution, one must react ... say, 'No!'"

In 1979 he was arrested with Havel and others for their work on Charter 77. He was barred from working in a parish and serving publicly as a priest. "I continued my pastoral work privately in apartments. I met with laypeople, families, students, children. I lectured. I led Bible studies, theological groups, prepared people for confirmation, visited hospitals." For more than ten years he refused to give up his political involvement even though this prevented him from exercising a public ministry: "We must find Jesus not only in hospitals and charity work, but in prisons among those who suffer for ideas and convictions."

Those were long years. Havel described them as a "state of timelessness. There has been no progress, only stillness. We wait, hoping, for history to resume."

November 1989 history resumed—with a vengeance—and Vaclav Maly's life took another turn. He was asked to accept an office in the new government. He admits "temptation." "I was in the center of power for a few weeks in November." But he declined the office. He believed and still maintains that someone must stay in touch with the people, explaining what is happening, and helping them

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culture, or threats to the natural environment in Poland, should be eliminated from works on environmental protection.")

Censoring, being censored, writing in order to be censored—what ensues, in Baranczak's diagnosis, is a kind of schizophrenia, which only adds to the whole puzzling phenomenon. How could such confusion lead to 1989? These parallel systems with their rhetoric of irony and subversion, their mordant humor and self-mockery, could have as easily ended in paralysis as upheaval, in confusion as clarity, in cynicism as hope. Isn't that, in part, the function of the current rage for "stand-up comedy" in the United States—an expression of our hapless and agnostic state? No, parallel literature, for all its power, cannot in itself account for the passionate and successful uprisings of 1989.

Timothy Garton Ash, whose astute reporting regularly appeared in the *New York Review of Books* (essays now gathered in *The Uses of Adversity* and *The Magic Lantern*), attributes the impetus for change to the election of a Polish pope and the hopes he generated in his 1979 visit to Poland. The ascendancy of Mikhail Gorbachev and a recalculation of Soviet interest are also part of the equation. (Some of my acquaintances even pay Ronald Reagan his due in tipping the balance of the equation by beefing up NATO's nuclear missile force.) These events, no doubt, are part of the story. And then there was the snowballing effect (in Garton Ash's much-quoted quip to Havel, "In Poland it took ten years, in Hungary ten months, in East Germany ten weeks: perhaps in Czechoslovakia it will take ten days!"). Yet a question remains: How to account for the moment, the moment when fear of death, fear of failure, fear of ridicule, fear of fear gave way to a sense of mutual trust? One cannot but return to Havel's reflections on the theater to gather a sense of the social and emotional climate, "this electrifying atmosphere of 'alliance' and 'fellowship,'" that allowed Czechs to gather in Wenceslaus Square and East Germans to stand their ground in Leipzig without knowing the outcome. It was, after all, the summer of 1989 when the Chinese government shot down peaceful demonstrators in Tiananmen Square.

The fullest explanation of what happened, one that accounts for the spiritual transformation that underlay the political revolution, is I think to be found in Havel's reflections, the essays gathered in the volume, *Living*

to accept the full responsibilities of freedom. "It is not my task to do professional politics," Maly explains, "We don't only need speeches from a balcony; it is necessary to be with the people every day to help them understand the challenge raised by Havel and by the church." The opposition movement has become the government, and it worries Maly. "It isn't easy to decide about laws. One must be educated. One must take responsibility for other people—for the whole population."

A year after the revolution the obstacles to democracy and a functioning economy are there for all to see: the absence of laws supporting people's effort to start private enterprises; ethnic conflict between the Czechs and the Slovaks; the rapid increase in energy costs and complete dependence on a diminished Soviet oil supply; the war and embargo of Iraq, a former trading partner of Eastern European countries. But to Maly's mind, one of the greatest barriers stands directly and obediently before the nation's new leaders: the people of Czechoslovakia themselves. They are not, he says, accustomed to participating in the decisions that affect their lives. They are more comfortable allowing others to decide their fate.

Havel wrote about this frame of mind in his letters to his wife, Olga, from prison in the early 1980s: "Sometimes I have the strangest feeling that I don't really want to leave this place. At least not now. Here you enter a state somewhat akin to hibernation, allow yourself to be swept along by the stereotypical routine of prison life, sink into a kind of sweet mental lethargy, and the prospect of going back into the evil world, with its constant demands that you be decisive, becomes somewhat terrifying."

Maly fears that the new leaders of the country do not understand the contagion of this mood. So he has taken up the unglamorous work of opening people's eyes to the possibilities of filling the "open space."

"I want them to understand forgotten values. In my sermons, I explain the Sunday Gospel. I try to show a living Bible, not a dead word. But I don't preach politics, I preach theology. I explain, but I also try to open people's eyes to change. I say, 'Above all, you are Christians. It is your task to apply these teachings, to incorporate them into your life. God is a living reality, therefore your fear, a human fear, can be overcome.'"

Maly echoes themes heard in liberation theology, but he thinks that liberation theologians who have used a Marxist analysis and hope for a Marxist revolution are naive about the dehumanizing nature of its ideology. "We in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, the GDR, and the Soviet Union had a complete experience of this ideology; liberation theologians do not. They don't have bad motives. They see poverty, injustice, and they want to react. It is a question of how to react. [People] need to learn about democratic behavior, the art of listening and dialogue."

As for Czechoslovakia: "The first step is over and it is hopeful. How it will be used remains an open question." Maly hopes that every person will learn "to be able to inspire himself or herself" to reject the slogan, "the party is our brain, our honor, and our conscience," to think critically and to live fully. Only then will Czechoslovakia have taken credible steps toward becoming a free and democratic country.

LIZ McCLOSKEY

Liz McCloskey, a graduate of Yale Divinity School and former Commonweal *intern, is a legislative assistant for Senator John C. Danforth.*

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in Truth, especially "The Power of the Powerless" and "Politics and Conscience," as well as his prison writings to his wife, *Letters to Olga*, and the volume of interviews published as *Disturbing the Peace*.

Every impulse, every thought starts with the individual. Havel, true to this insight, starts with himself. And though these essays and letters reflect an ego, an individual sensibility (and, perhaps, an exasperating husband), we are not in the presence of an individualist, a tortured soul, an existentialist anti-hero. Rather we hear the voice of a responsible member of a community struggling to save itself, offering the community an utterly honest, unflinching account of its condition. To save themselves, as Havel writes, individuals must stop "living a lie"—a lie that is communal, a lie in which "everyone in his or her own way is both a victim and a supporter of the system." The joke, the shrug of the shoulder, the world-weary agnosticism, the rhetoric of irony will not do for "this system is not...a social order imposed by one group upon another, but rather something which permeates the entire society and is a factor in shaping it."

In the "Power of the Powerless," Havel traces the evolution away from this "living a lie" and toward "living in truth," not simply among writers who could mask their dissident views in novels and plays, but also among ordinary people in their everyday lives. He writes of the greengrocer who one day forgoes his habitual act of placing his "Workers of the World Unite" sign next to the carrots and onions in the window. No one has ever given a moment's attention to the sign, until it is no longer there. Then people notice. The neighbors and passers-bys know that the greengrocer is no longer willing to live a lie. Or the brewmaster under whom Havel worked for a time. This man, he writes, "was proud of his profession and he wanted our brewery to brew good beer. He spent almost all his time at work, continually thinking up improvements and he frequently made the rest of us feel uncomfortable because he assumed that we loved brewing as much as he did. In the midst of the slovenly indifference to work that socialism encourages, a more constructive worker would be difficult to imagine." The man, thwarted in these efforts by the manager, complained to higher-ups; he was declared a "political saboteur" and fired. He too was a dissident and an example of Havel's dictum: "Every piece of good work is an indirect criticism of bad politics."

By such small almost imperceptible acts of "living in truth," people acted against "the eschatology of impersonal power," not simply the power of the state, but the power that their own complicity or complacency held over them. They finally found in such small acts of personal responsibility as the greengrocer's and brewmaster's the means that enabled them to stand in December 1989 in Wenceslaus Square and demand the return of their nation, of their political life, of their human dignity.

In the former Communist societies of Eastern Europe, we can see the nadir of modernity, the manifestation of most of its vices and almost none of its virtues. The deepest wounds there were the loss of the person and the personal in politics and public life. Everyone was imprisoned in this system; no one, above all the leaders, could do anything to break loose. It is harder for

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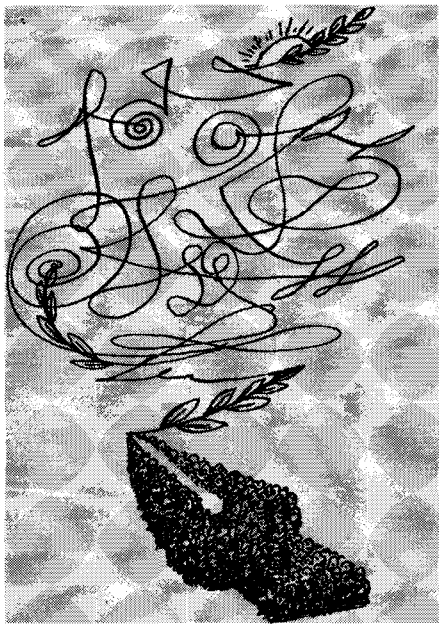

us in the United States to survey this terrain because the virtues of modernity, richly developed in our society, mask its vices. Thus our devotion to individual rights has almost completely blinded us to the desiccated state of the communal and the commonweal, even while such devotion requires us to overlook the needs of the most vulnerable, marginalized, powerless individuals in our society. We desperately need help in confronting Havel's observation about our own condition: "In democratic societies," he writes, "where the violence done to human beings is not nearly so obvious and cruel, this fundamental revolution in politics has yet to happen."

A form of that revolution rocked Eastern Europe because so many of its citizens finally understood that living under totalitarian regimes, they also suffered from a totalitarianism of the mind and the imagination. It was not life in a "captive nation" that they finally had to overcome, but life in a captive existence. Havel's achievement was to see that their task was not only to rid themselves of "normal totalitarianism," but to pass beyond the limits of irony and skepticism. It was not enough to be suspicious of the official view, one finally had to see through its mirror-image, the unofficial one. Irony was not enough; one had to see beyond its paralyzing hopelessness and be transformed.

And Eastern Europeans by the millions were. The insistent and nonviolent way in which their actions broke the apparently determined course of the future had the air of the miraculous. But there is nothing miraculous to be found in Havel's writing, no dazzling formulas for transformation, no hidden agendas for revolution. What there is is a steady gaze able to see and an honest prose able to say what was really there. What he saw was not just the sorry state of his country's politics or the shabby state of its economy or even the hopelessness of his fellow citizens and their ironic reactions to it. He saw something more—the force that holds the deepest anchorings of human nature.

In the opening paragraphs of "Politics and Conscience," Havel reflects on his childhood in the countryside and the congruity between himself as a boy and that rural world, between himself and the medieval peasant of a simpler time. "Our 'I,'" he writes, "primordially attests to that world and personally certifies it; that is the world of our lived experience, a world not yet indifferent since we are personally bound to it in our love, hatred, respect, contempt, tradition, in our interests and in that pre-reflective meaningfulness from which culture is born."

When he goes on to fill out this conception, he speaks in terms reminiscent of something (gasp!) like a natural theology.

> In this world, categories like justice, honor, treason, friendship, infidelity, courage, or empathy have a wholly tangible content, relating to actual persons and important for actual life. At the basis of this world are values which are simply there, perennially, before we ever speak of them, before we reflect upon them and inquire about them. It owes its internal coherence to something like a "pre-speculative" assumption that the world functions and is generally possible at all only because there is something beyond its horizon, something beyond or above it that might escape our understanding and our grasp but, for just that reason, firmly grounds this world, bestows upon it its order and measure, and is the hidden source of all the rules, customs, commandments, prohibitions, and norms that hold within it. The natural world, in virtue of its very being, bears within it the presupposition of the absolute which grounds, delimits, animates, and directs it, without which it would be unthinkable, absurd, and superfluous, and which we can only quietly respect.

It is rare to come upon writing that so acutely expresses one's own sense of "how things are." Its utter familiarity, I attribute to my Catholic upbringing and education. But written as it is without appeal to doctrine or tradition, and pulled from a real life at a particular moment in history, it seems newly discovered and freshly minted. It sounds so possible, so plausible in ways that the old formulations no longer do.

In the United States, our politics have been stripped of the kind of meaning Havel is talking about. "I favor politics as practical morality, as service to the truth, as essentially human and humanly measured care for our fellow humans." The weight Havel gives to "politics" here is far removed from the meaning found in most current American discourse; "politics" and "politicians" are words now burdened with an obligatory sneer, as though the work of politics is only the work of necessarily corrupt professionals—as though politics is not the very stuff of human life, in families, in neighborhoods, in the workplace, as though we can avoid politics without abjuring responsibility.

I will go even further and say that Havel's analysis can also be applied to the church. He reminds us that even in the midst of the deepest chaos and frustration, much like the current state of the postconciliar church, men and women can struggle through the confused state not only of the hierarchical church, but also through the confused state we ourselves create in defense against those confusions. Again by analogy, I find that Havel's writings show us that it is possible to reconstruct something that respects human integrity and honors the transcendent being to which the church is always pointing.

The basis for this reconstruction—as for the new politics that Havel called for—must be hope, "a hope that is anchored somewhere beyond [the world's] horizons" and whose "deepest roots are in the transcendental." □

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A miss and a hit on Cuba

CUBA: A JOURNEY
Jacobo Timerman
Alfred A. Knopf, $18.95, 125 pp.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES
Ties of Singular Intimacy
Louis A. Pérez, Jr.
University of Georgia Press, $15, 314 pp.

Robert E. White

In this report on Castro's Cuba, Jacobo Timerman acts as the prosecuting attorney building a case, not as the judge weighing evidence. Angered by the many examples he finds of abuses of power by the Cuban government, Timerman goes after Fidel Castro with the hammer of sarcasm and the tongs of ridicule. Far too clever to pretend an impartiality he does not feel, the author tries to make a virtue of his fury at a revolution he believes has been betrayed. Timerman contemptuously dismisses the "objectivity" of certain observers as "at best childish ambivalence and all too often obsequiousness."

Timerman's candor has paid off handsomely. All the reviews that have come to my attention have given unstinting praise to this slim, random, anecdotal indictment of the Cuban revolution. Reviews in the *New York Times* sounded an almost exultant note, as if this search and destroy mission by an authentic hero of the Left somehow absolved American liberals from any residual guilt they might feel about a United States foreign policy that for thirty years has dedicated itself to the isolation and destruction of the Cuban government and economy.

Editor and publisher of an important Buenos Aires newspaper, the author is also a self-declared socialist and man of the Left who suffered torture and imprisonment at the hands of Argentina's military rulers. He has fought hard and effectively for democracy and human rights all over the world. His insights and opinions, therefore, merit attention and respect.

When Timerman hammers at Castro for the imprisonment of that noble defender of human rights, Elisardo Sanchez, he is on rock-solid ground. When he lashes out against the hypocrisy of a servile press that suffocates the reader with uninterrupted paeans of praise for the triumphant progress of the revolution, he has found an apt target.

Yet in spite of Timerman's great powers of observation and incisive prose, this book is less than the sum of its parts. There are anecdotes but little connective tissue; there are sweeping generalizations but only rarely facts to back them up. The author argues, for example, that Fidel's supposed omniscience forces Cuban officials to mask failures and to rationalize absurdities. The best way to expose this hypocrisy and conformity would have been to demonstrate these officials' inability to respond effectively to Timerman's arguments.

During his stay in Cuba, Timerman interviewed some of the most able and articulate defenders of the revolution: Vice-President Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, for example, and the talented author, Pablo Armando Fernandez, as well as the tough-minded vice-minister of foreign affairs, Ricardo Alarcon. As I know from many hours of dialogue with them, these men delight in no-holds-barred argument. No matter how profoundly I may have disagreed with them, I have always had to admire their ability to defend the revolution with eloquence and conviction. Yet, except for a couple of inconsequential quotes from Vice-President Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, Timerman gives us nothing—nothing whatsoever—of the substance of the discussions he had with these Cuban leaders.

Instead, Timerman devotes pages to the views of those who play at best a marginal role in Cuba. He extensively quotes the gifted but picaresque author, Miguel Barnet, a man who spends most of his time outside of Cuba, or, even more inexplicably, the eccentric Fernando Birri, the Argentine director of the Cuban film school, whom Timerman finds interesting, apparently because they were schoolmates in Buenos Aires.

It is true that pressures for ideological conformity frequently force Cuban leaders who know better to mouth stock answers to probing questions. Yet with courtesy and patience it is possible to elicit authentic responses to legitimate concerns. After an hour of spirited give-and-take, Vice-President Rodríguez told me that Cuba has the worst press in the world, grumbled that he would accept any office in Cuba except editor of *Granma*, the official newspaper, and said that denial of free expression was one of the worst failures of the revolution. Several years ago, another high official, after a night when the drinks flowed freely, asked me if it was possible that the United States would ever come to its senses and change its destructive policies. "We need a break," he said. "We understand the United States and like Americans; we can neither understand nor relate to the Russians. To us, they are beings from another planet. We want to rejoin the West. We want a civilized relationship with our big neighbor. We don't want, however, to

REVIEWERS

ROBERT E. WHITE, *U.S. ambassador to El Salvador during the Carter administration, is president of the International Center for Development Policy in Washington, D.C.*

JAMES J. GILL, S.J., M.D., *is senior consultant in psychiatry at the Institute of Living, Hartford, Connecticut.*

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lose our revolution but we do know that change should come and the only man capable of presiding over that change is Fidel. We are ready to deal but the U.S. wants blood to run in the streets and Castro's head on a pike."

There are no examples, none, of this sort of candor and eloquence either from Cuban government officials or from those artists and intellectuals who passionately defend the revolution, sometimes with tears in their eyes at its follies and stupidities. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Timerman's silencing of the revolution's leaders in his book equates to the censorship he so rightly condemns.

Until the Castro revolution of 1959, Cuba functioned as a colony of the United States. As Louis Pérez makes clear in his excellent history of U.S.-Cuban relations, "Cuba was reduced to marginal participation in the conduct of the affairs of their own state...." Just how marginal, I can testify from experience. In 1956, I was a newly minted foreign service officer serving in the trade agreements section of the Department of State. During my first month on the job, an American businessman telephoned to ask about the duty on a particular product in the Cuban tariff schedule. I politely advised the caller to communicate with the Cuban embassy and he, equally politely, told me that the embassy had told him that Cuban tariffs were set by the U.S. government. In my innocence, I expressed disbelief but checked and found that indeed the Cuban tariff schedule was maintained and regulated by a midlevel bureaucrat in the Department of State.

Two years later, I served as a very junior member of our delegation to the United Nations. During my first week there, President Batista's ambassador sought me out and, in the most fawning manner, told me that he and the entire Cuban delegation existed to serve the interest of United States foreign policy and that he and his entire staff were at my disposition.

This subservience offended the pride of *patria* in all but the most craven of Cubans. As the Pérez history demonstrates, the way of the revolution was prepared by the constant intervention of the United States, which undermined the capacity of the Cubans to govern themselves. With the country up for sale, organized crime took over Havana and turned it into a city of rampant vice with drugs sold openly in the gambling houses and with fourteen-year-old prostitutes of both sexes roaming the streets.

In the calm, detached manner befitting a historian, Pérez notes that in thirty years since the revolution, United States foreign policy toward Cuba has included eight plots to assassinate Fidel Castro, the strangulation of Cuban commerce by the blocking of international credits and threats of retaliation against other countries unless they cut off trade with Cuba, and sabotage of the economy by bribing foreign manufacturers to ship Cuba defective machinery and spare parts.

These unworthy stratagems have not only failed to bring down Castro, they have cast Fidel in the role of David to our Goliath and have made Cubans more defiant, more determined to keep their revolution and to spit in the eye of the neighboring giant regardless of the costs in civil liberties and human rights.

In recounting the history of the "ties of singular intimacy," Perez tells us that what goes on in Cuba is very much a function of what goes on with the United States. If the United States would end the embargo and permit normal commerce, travel, and communication, then Fidel Castro might well produce a tropical version of *perestroika*. If, however, President George Bush continues to make speeches about "a revolution betrayed" and calls for wider and more effective sanctions, he will only succeed in reinvigorating the tired theme of *patria o muerte*. Cuba today can be understood only in this historical context—a context that the Timerman book conspicuously fails to provide. □

PRIESTS & SEX

A SECRET WORLD
Sexuality and the Search for Celibacy
A.W. Richard Sipe
Brunner/Mazel, Inc., $29.95, 324 pp.

James J. Gill

People both within and outside the Catholic church are today all too aware of the limitations and weaknesses of its priests. Widely published examples of pedophilia, sexual relationships, and concealed marriages have spotlighted the vulnerable sexuality of the clergy. Most lay persons, and perhaps the majority of priests, have been shocked at the extent of these violations of celibacy. But probably the most surprised and embarrassed of all are the bishops and seminary formation personnel who, after providing years of intense formation, approved and ordained the men who eventually misbehaved sexually.

To help readers understand the celibacy requirement attached to the priesthood, the variety of sexual practices in which some priests are currently engaged, and what steps a successful accomplishment of lifelong chastity requires, A.W. Richard Sipe has contributed *A Secret World: Sexuality and the Search for Celibacy*. The author is a counselor and educator who, for more than twenty-five years, has been studying the sexual lives of his clients and pupils. This book reports the results of his investigations. It contains a wealth of information that will be valuable to persons involved in the formation of priests, both before ordination and afterward. It also contains a flaw so obvious and so self-destructive that the book has already drawn severe criticism.

Of special worth is the initial section of the book which illuminates the origins of celibacy as a requirement for priesthood, discusses the various meanings of celibacy, and emphasizes the difficult task priests face when they take on this obligation in the context of an unappreciative culture and a church which "does itself a grave disservice as well as personal injustice by requiring the practice of celibacy without

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actually supporting it."

Also potentially helpful to seminarians and priests striving to form their attitudes, commitments, relationships, and behavior patterns in line with celibacy is the book's final chapter which deals first with the process of becoming celibate and then with the essential elements that must be present if one is to persevere successfully in chastity. These spiritual, psychological, and physical needs, as Sipe identifies them, include work, prayer, community, service, physical self-care, security, ordered and balanced life- style, continuous learning, and beauty. After discussing these elements, Sipe (surprisingly to me) complains that there is "no seminary in the United States, training priests, which has so much as a one-semester course on celibacy or on the necessary correlative material of human sexual development." If this neglect is a fact, the author has unquestionably pointed out a defect that calls for immediate repair.

The central sections of *A Secret World* present an exhaustive array of sexual behaviors that deviate from the ideal of celibacy. These match the topics listed in textbooks on psychopathology, including patterns of heterosexuality, homosexuality, masturbation, molestation of children, pornography, transvestism, exhibitionism, alcoholism, and several medical disorders that result in abnormal sexual behavior. The author selects disguised examples from his study of priests to show that presumably celibate men are engaging in virtually every possible type of sexual activity. He makes no attempt, however, to show how the individuals became prone—whether by nature or nurture— to engage in their various non-celibate ways of functioning. Neither does he describe the painful feelings of guilt, shame, anxiety, and discouragement that must plague the lives of so many of these priests whom he finds acting in ways contrary to the promise they made to God and the church on the day of their ordination. In effect, what Sipe demonstrates is that if you describe all the various ways that a person can *act out* sexually, you can somewhere find priests whose occasional or habitual behavior falls into one or more of these categories.

Sipe makes clear at the beginning that he has not conducted his study according to the canons of scientific research. He says, in other words, that he is not looking at the behavior of a sample of priests that adequately represents the Catholic clergy of the United States, or of any specific region within the country. He admits that his study covers only men whose sexual behavior came to his knowledge from three limited sources: (1) their psychotherapy sessions with him; (2) their disclosures during "meetings, interviews, and consultations"; and (3) the information provided by priests' "lovers, sexual partners, victims, or otherwise direct observers of it." The number of Sipe's informants, totaled fifteen hundred, whereas the number of priests in the United States adds up to more than fifty-three thousand.

Sipe makes the statement that "about 20 percent of priests vowed to celibacy... are at any one time involved either in a more or less stable relationship with a woman or, alternatively, with sequential women in an identifiable pattern of behavior." He adds, "Approximately 10 percent of clergy...involve themselves in homosexual activity." His summary diagram shows that, in his study, half of the fifteen hundred priests were found to be practicing some type of sexual behavior that is contrary to their promise to live in a celibate manner. These startling figures are plausible, in view of Sipe's specialized career as a therapist and teacher who focuses his professional concerns largely on the topic of sexuality, and who therefore attracts into his studies people dealing personally with sexual issues.

It was an error on Sipe's part, in my opinion, to point out the limited nature of his study (fifteen hundred priests) and then later in the book make generalized statements such as: "At any one time, 2 percent of vowed celibate clergy can be said to have achieved celibacy...." Similarly, after describing his work as a "search" which is "related to, but distinct from, research," he exaggerates the applicability of his findings by asserting: "My research [*sic*] has generated some light on the question of clerical celibacy." Sipe does himself and the reader a disservice by implying that his valuable, though biased, findings can be understood to represent a sexual profile of the entire American Catholic presbyterate.

In Sipe's effort to supply statistics that give the appearance of a scientific approach, he distracts the reader from the book's loud and clear message that it is time for the hierarchy to make a truly scientific study of the sexual life of American priests, so that seminaries and formation programs can become more effective in preparing tomorrow's priests to succeed in living up to their call to celibacy. □

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 82)

ally waged by actual people.

Frankly, I have much more confidence in the moral judgments of these soldier-CO's. Graciously undistracted by the big picture, having set aside the Pentagon's numbers games, they have decided that, in the words of Robert Chandler, Second Armored Division (Forward), "I will in no way, shape, or form, participate and contribute in the senseless slaughter of another man or woman."

REV. MICHAEL J. BAXTER, C.S.C.

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The editors reply:

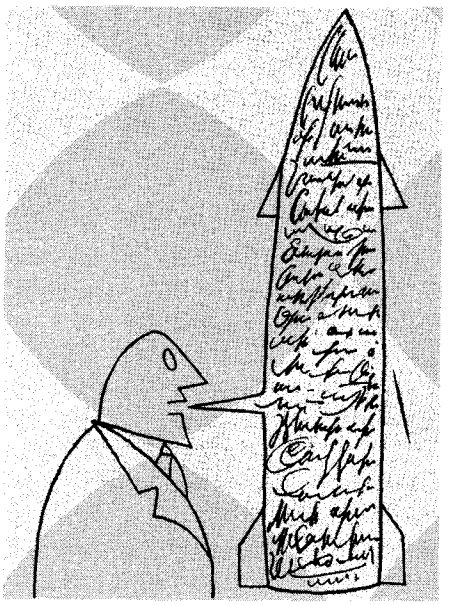
First, to Harvey Egan: The "just means" standard does not hold, never has held, simply that "civilians must not be killed," but rather that civilian deaths must not be directly sought or intended. *Some* civilian deaths—perhaps even "a significant number"—can be tolerated provided that they come about as the result of "collateral" damage from attacks on military targets, the destruction of which can be responsibly regarded as essential or very important to the successful prosecution of a war that by other standards can be held to be justified. The passage from *Gaudium et spes* cited by our correspondent does not conflict with but rather supports this reading: Both the text itself and commentaries on it make clear that it refers to and condemns the use of weapons of mass destruction against civilian populations.

To Michael J. Baxter: Individual soldiers do well to refuse obedience when they have good reason to believe that they will be required to take part in the direct or disproportionate killing of civilians if they accept service in a particular war. Nothing in our editorial conflicts with that view.

A word about words: Michael Baxter may well find that the language used above, as well as in the editorial he criticizes, is too "impersonal" to be "pastoral," and that it pays so much attention to "the big picture," at the expense of individual moral dilemmas, that it becomes an example of "utilitarian logic." In brief response:

(1) Just war criteria are abstract distillations of experience seen in the light of universal moral principles, which are themselves abstractions. When clarity is the aim, the use of passionate or emotion-laden language may generate fog; not a desirable pastoral goal. (2) "The big picture" means the context in which individual decisions are made. Making moral choices without attention to context is not the Christian approach, particularly in the Catholic tradition. In this case: If you don't think about the causes and aims of a war, the means being used, and the likely consequences, you have no basis for judging its morality.

(3) "Utilitarian logic" denies the relevance of moral rules other than consideration of consequences. That was not the logic followed in the editorial.



Both our correspondents fail to observe that, writing in advance of the coalition attack, we expressed serious doubt about the need for it—the "last resort" criterion. That does not suggest kowtowing to "the strategists and policymakers in Washington," but rather holding their actions up for judgment.

Finally, though the just war criteria may be abused by being misstated, they are more often simply ignored or taken lightly—as happened not only in Vietnam but also in "the good war": e.g., the fire bombings of Dresden and Tokyo, the atomic obliteration of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We join with our correspondents in resolving that it must not happen again.

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ST. JEROME READING 'THE BOOK OF J'?

Bloom's charge that the gentiles, with their New Testament, make a hostage of the Hebrew Bible is true but deserves to be handled as something more than a side-of-the-mouth slur. The New Testament is indeed a literary and religious raid on the Jewish convenant, but it only continues a struggle that began much earlier. That struggle was full-blown centuries before the rise of Christianity; and Christianity's resolution of it via a new covenant, though dramatically successful, is not the only possible resolution.

Tamar the Adullamite, Rahab the Canaanite, Uriah the Hittite, Naaman the Aramean, Ruth the Moabite—the list of gentiles whose virtue the Old Testament flings in the face of Israel is long and shocking. Among ancient literatures, that of ancient Israel is in this regard utterly without parallel. No other nation has so calculatedly undermined its own national myth.

Now, just here, in this process of subversion and counter-subversion is where we might have expected Bloom to excel. If he is not the leading literary critic of the day, he may be at least the leading diagnostician of literary strategy. When the Hebrew Bible celebrates gentiles, it gives evidence of an ancient quarrel, whether that quarrel be regarded as between contending groups sharing the life and worship of Israel. This quarrel is the perfect subject for a critic with Bloom's gifts.

Regrettably, he ducks it. Determined to trump the New Testament, Bloom dismisses the subject of testaments or convenant altogether. J, he says, responds to "vitalism" and "impish" anarchy, not to covenant and stifling order: "Her Yahweh moves her at the rare moments when he is Davidic." What Bloom loses by this dismissal, this default, is nothing less than the plot of the Hebrew Bible. A high price to pay for tweaking the beard of the Apostle Paul.

—Jack Miles,
On Harold Bloom's *The Book of J*,
Commonweal, November 9, 1990

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